

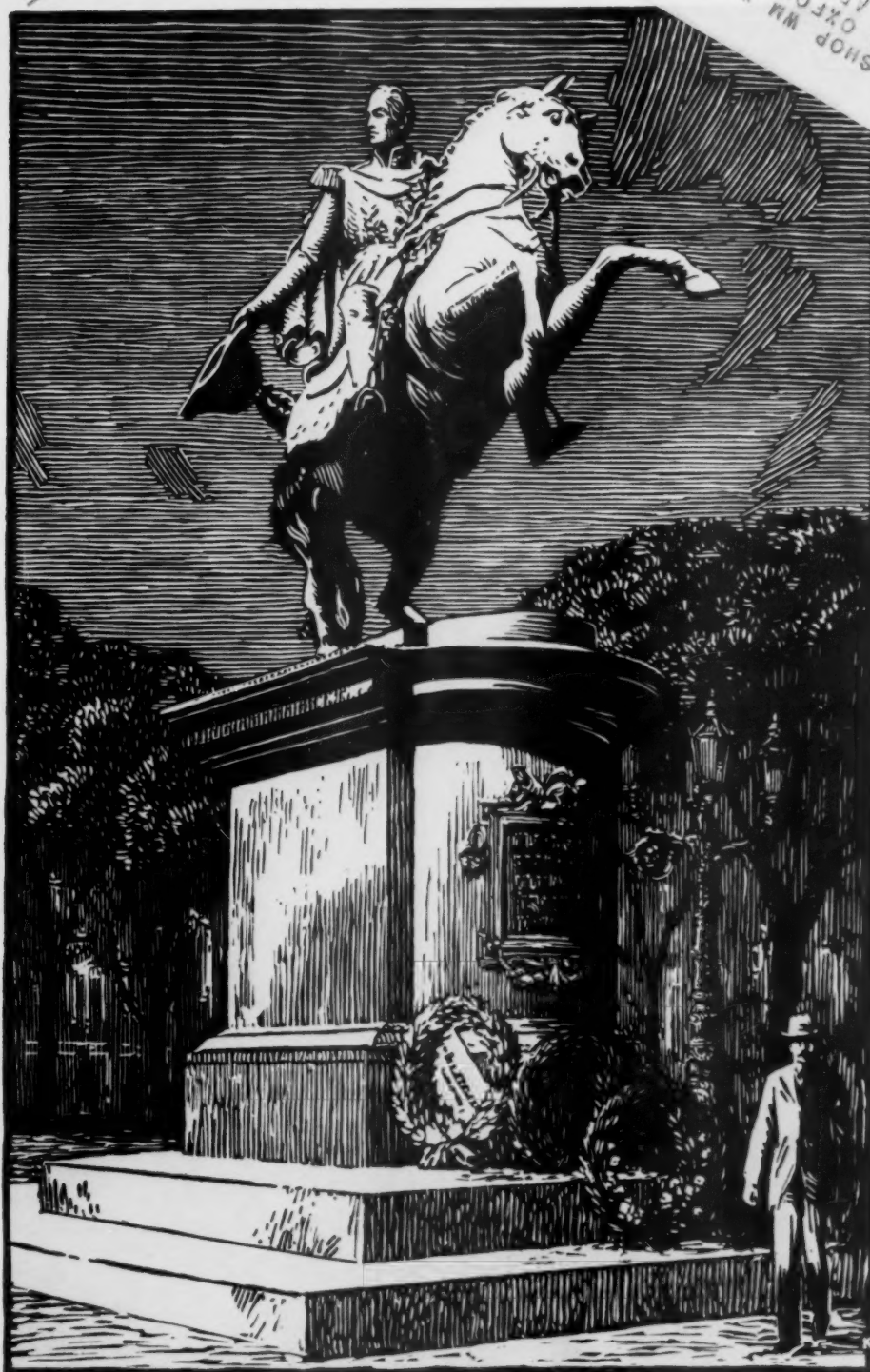
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THE ROTARIAN

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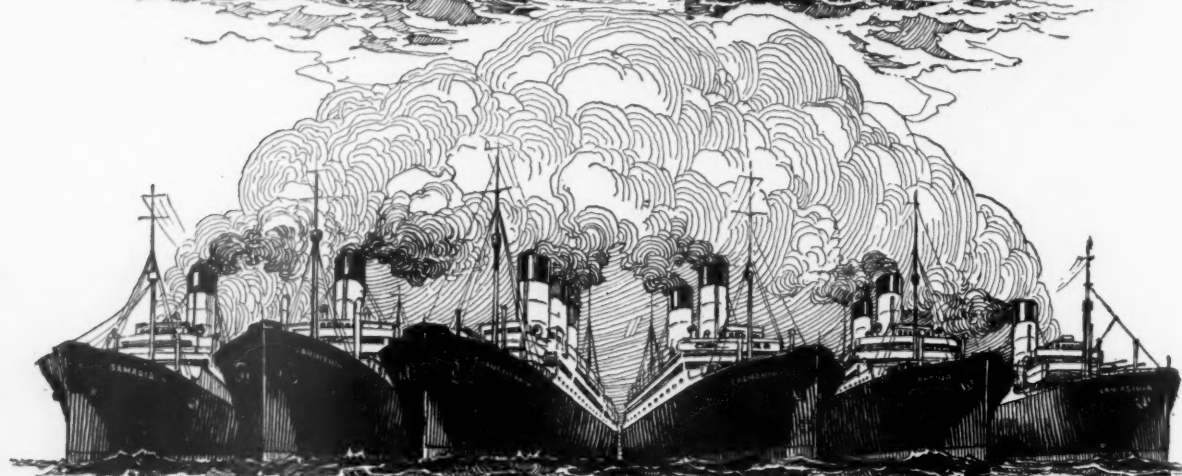
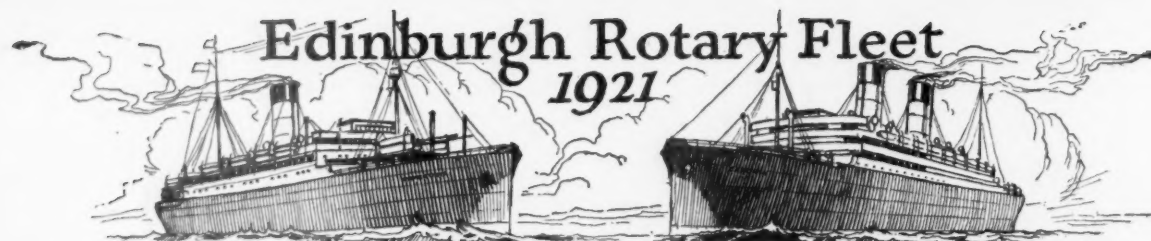


January
1927

25
Cents

STATUE OF SIMON BOLIVAR, LIBERATOR OF SOUTH AMERICA, AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA

IN THIS NUMBER: Prayer-Stick and Tom-Tom—By Fred Hamilton Rindge
Rotary for Rubens—By William P. Rose Cause and Effect—By Arthur Melville
These Two Men Went to Stratford-Town—By John William Frazer



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THE ROTARIAN

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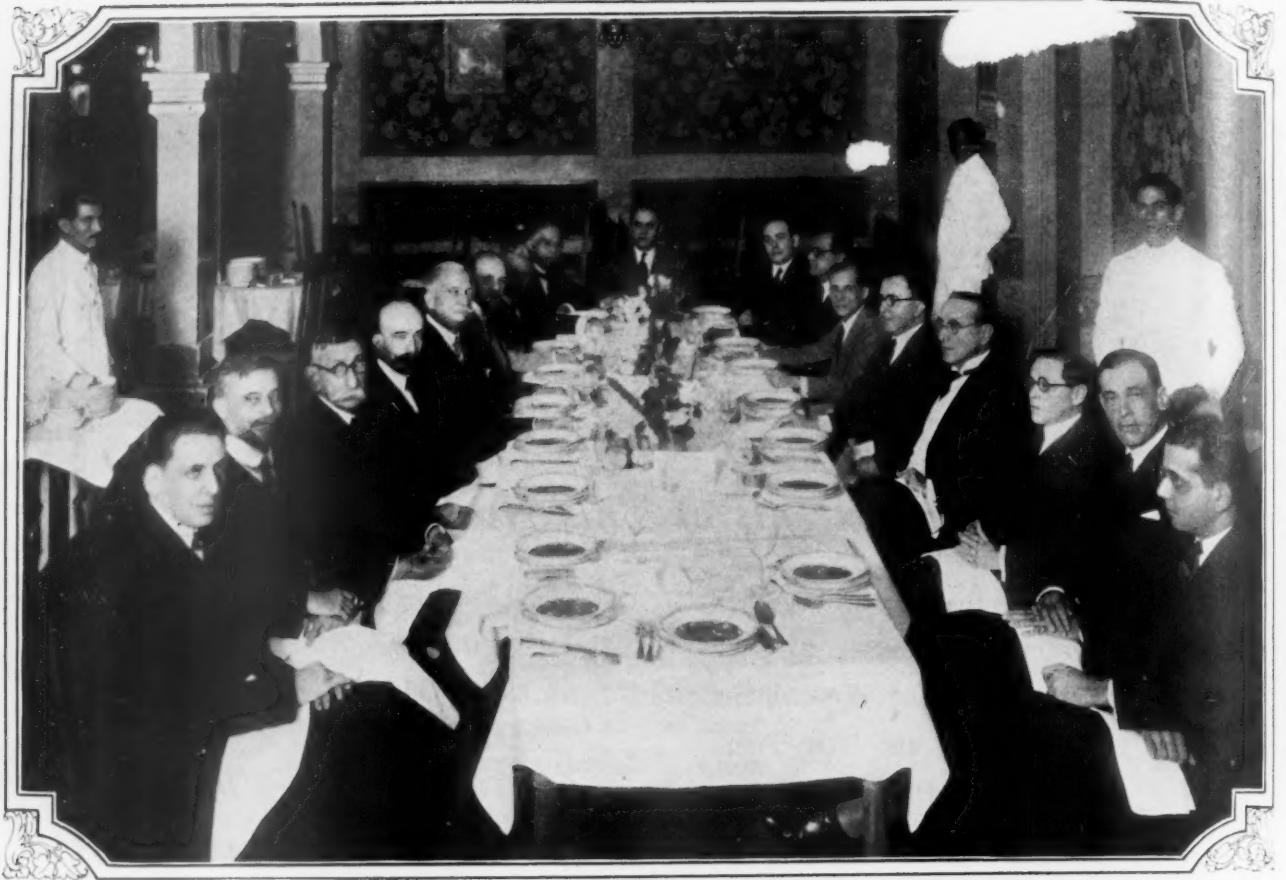
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No. 1



INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE ROTARY CLUB OF CARACAS, VENEZUELA

Venezuela—Thirty-Sixth Country in Rotary's Family of Nations

ONE more flag was added to the long row which appears at every annual convention of Rotary International when the first Venezuelan Rotary club received its charter. Rotarians of other lands may distinguish this flag by its horizontal stripes of yellow, blue and red; and by the cluster of stars in the center.

The thirty-sixth country to welcome Rotary is a South American republic with an area of approximately 600,000 square miles, and a population estimated at 3,000,000. It faces the Caribbean sea and is bounded

on the east by British Guiana and Brazil; on the west by Colombia; and on the south by Brazil. Its capital, Caracas, where the first club was formed, is a sea-coast town with a history going back to about 1500 when Spanish navigators explored the coast. Bolivar, who led the struggle for Venezuelan independence in 1811, and who is generally termed the "Liberator of South America," was a native of Caracas.

The inaugural meeting of this new club was held on October 4th, and was attended by sixteen charter members. Around the table (left to right) are:

Gustavo J. Paul, Second Vice-President.
Rudolf Dolze, Director.
Juan Manuel Diaz.
Salvador Michand.
Alfredo Cordoba.
Salvador Cordoba.

Jose E. Machado, Director.
A. A. Nowell.
Luis Hernandez.
Morses Benarroch.
Angel V. Rivero.

Vicente Darila, President.
James H. Roth, Special Commissioner.
Julio Calcano Herrera, First Vice-President.
Cristobal Mendoza, Director.
Eduardo Baez.
Manual Gonzales Rincones, Secretary.



By Wm. H. Bishop

1927

Welding the World Together

By Glenn Frank

THROUGH the centuries the prophets and seers have been haunted by the dream of a day when the world would be a brotherhood instead of a battleground. To their pure spirits frontiers have always been social scars across the human scene.

A far hope of humanity's final oneness has run like a bright thread through all the hatreds and hecklings that have made mankind quarrel in peace and fight in war.

And even when we are most vigorously girding up the loins of our separate patriotisms, the idea of the final oneness and the final warlessness of the world remains the spiritual mistress of our dreams.

But it behooves us to be practical about our dreams. And nothing helps us to cross-examine our dreams quite as much as a look at history. We are not the first generation that has toyed with the possibility of insuring a little less battle and a little more brotherhood in the world.

As Charles Ferguson has reminded us, humanity has made five great attempts to escape from the provincialism of race into internationalism. Four have failed; we are in the midst of the fifth.

1. The lawyer tried to make the world one.

This gave us the spread of the Roman law.

2. The priest tried to make the world one.

This gave us the story of the gathering of many tongues and many tribes of widely differing men into

the great church of Pope Gregory VII and his successors.

3. The teacher tried to make the world one.

This gave us the story of the great universities of the middle ages that were in effect communities that knew how to govern themselves and be creative about learning and life at the same time, communities trying to create a new politics of reality in which the ideal would be practical and the practical idealistic, a new politics that would cross all frontiers.

4. The statesman tried to make the world one.

This gave us the story of the international republicanism of Napoleon, who thought nothing but the Cossack could stop it from crossing all frontiers.

5. The business man is trying to make the world one.

This has the sound of mere word juggling in view of the way the business man has been damned for being the cause of all modern wars, but the point is that modern business is at last becoming a vast international system. Credit, contract, capital and corporate organization are, as Mr. Ferguson suggests, things that cross all frontiers.

Humanity has not been made one by mankind's organizing itself internationally for ruling, for praying, or for fighting. Will humanity make itself one by organizing itself internationally for working? No one knows.

Destiny is watching the business man.

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Rotary for Rubens

—or, what is wrong with the small town?

By William P. Rose

A MAN may write many volumes in this confounding world of much wasted energy but unless his readers know his point of view and the history of its formation, he cannot be understood.

Thus, if a man discusses the tariff, one must know whether he is Republican or Democrat. And, likewise, if I presume to measure the application of Rotary to the small town, you should want to know immediately whether I am a rearing, tearing booster or one of those obstinate, contrary cusses who is perfectly willing to pay his five-dollar membership to the Chamber of Commerce if anybody can show him where he gets anything in return for his five.

Small towns have many members of both classes. I am not a part of either.

I came to the small town from the big cities at approximately twenty-eight years of age, still young enough to believe that the world can be pushed by one man. In the big cities, I had not attempted any such thing because, my eye-sight being perfect, there was obviously, too much within range of the vision to be pushed. But the small town seemed to my then infant mind to be on the edge of things where an ambitious man could get his shoulder under the entire world. I did so. And for many years I wore out my toe nails trying to advance things in general while the old world refused to budge an inch.

It tires me now to think back over the amount of energy I put into boosting. Details of it would wear you out, too. Let's pass it with the assurance from a truthful man that it covered many fields; commercial, civic, social,

religious, educational, political. I stopped because one morning I awoke to find that I had become thirty-eight years old over night and had better be about my own business if I expected to turn in any kind of a score at the end of my natural expectancy. I still

slate involving, of course, Rotary growth; several prospective members were traveling men who desired Rotary membership; the hotels had many guests who are Rotarians at home and who appreciate a club here for attendance percentages; the town has the

usual proportion of natural-born joiners, boosters, and convention devotees; the prevailing set embraced Rotary for fear some other set might do so, much to the latter set's increase of prestige; there were local jealousies and animosities founded on misunderstanding and tradition which Rotary might erase; meanwhile, there was plenty of constructive work to be done in the community, work which the churches, Chamber of Commerce, and a dozen uplift clubs had failed to set their teeth into. At any rate, Rotary came.

NONE of us, I think, had any well-defined idea of the purposes of Rotary. None of us could have written a brief clearly showing wherein it differed from other organizations with constructive intent. A charter night largely attended by representatives of seasoned clubs, and a rush of visitors at our first meetings, brought us many experienced Rotarians and brief addresses. All of them

were superlative in their praise of Rotary but none of them seemed to know why they felt so good about it or exactly what our club was expected to do.

Many of us, however, were enjoying the weekly meetings. Generally we had a speaker, but if not, the time slipped away much too swiftly with our own inside discussions. We put the club through its maiden speeches on "My First Full-Time Job," and learned a lot

Can Rotary Succeed in the Small Town?

THIS article "Rotary for Rubens" should arouse discussion. It has been said that Rotary cannot be applied to small-town conditions. It has also been said that it can be better applied there than in the big cities. Apparently the member can "pay his money and take his choice!"

The writer of this article is a charter member of the Rotary Club at Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania, population, 2000. His club has 16 members and was organized in August, 1925. Immediately some will say that this club has not been organized long enough to have hit its stride—but would its record support such an assertion?

Certainly the small town has its own peculiar problems, as the writer clearly indicates. He says: "Spreading Rotary into the small towns is an easy and natural conception, but its future there is highly problematical. Meanwhile, in its strict commercial application it is more needed there than in the city. Good roads, automobiles, one-crop farming, cheaper money, over-supply of individual stores in small towns have presented our business men with a serious situation. No relief seems possible except by the creation of a plan of competition based on cooperation, study, and manipulation."

"Our business men are rapidly approaching the time when they must carefully estimate demand for various lines and operate so as to keep stocks segregated. Each town must offer one shoe store, for instance, with a representative stock; but not two shoe stores with unsatisfactory selection in both of them. The same rigid rule must be enforced in other lines. Obviously such procedure depends absolutely on a spirit of cooperative study such as Rotary suggests and fosters."

try to be linked up with everything constructive and I always want to carry more than my individual allotment of the load. But I have quit being a glutton for punishment, if you know what I mean.

Rotary came to Cambridge Springs more at the insistence of other towns than by invitation. The cause of the offer and acceptance of a charter is a jumble. I suspect that the district governor wanted to turn in a completed

about each other that we had not known before. Largely we were proceeding on a hit-or-miss basis and were happy. I think it was the old, old act of breaking bread together that insured our fellowship. Anyway we still have our club and I am sure that if we are not obliged to build the town into a metropolis boost by boost, and that if International Rotary will slightly amend itself so as to conform with physical limitations of the small town, we will be able to continue very effectively.

Although Cambridge Springs is credited by the census with less than two thousand population, it is somewhat larger than that because of a considerable influx of resort guests in all seasons and especially so for the six warmer months of the year. This gives us quite an army of more-or-less temporary employees, thousands of store customers, complete municipal development, larger per capita wealth, more money in circulation, better train service, more substantial homes and bigger banks than can be recognized in the census figures. It seems true, however, that we are one of the smallest towns into which Rotary has ventured. Nevertheless, we are easily credited with a well-organized Chamber of Commerce, passive, no doubt, as most of them are, and an active city council. If our town needs a larger park, or a band, or a community center, or a scientific swimming-pool; and if our surrounding farmers should be raising cabbage or sugar beets instead of diversified crops, or need pure-bred sires; and if a street presents a knotty problem in surface draining, or we must build a sanitary sewerage plant; we already have the organization machinery in our Chamber of Commerce and our city council to promote them. We do not need Rotary to insure the remedy. Indeed, the same dozen men carry small-town progress on their backs just as the same few provide the planning and the steam in San Francisco and New York. We are weary already. Rotary, to be successful, must not ask us to do the same old kind of tedious lifting. Rotary must provide the refreshment of change if nothing more.

I have listened attentively to senior Rotarians few of whom do actually seem to be well advised on what is Ro-

tary; I have read numerous critical articles which fall flat without first building up false premises; I have studied "Babbitt" and properly identified that individual as intensely interesting but representative of the minority, and, unless I am particularly dull, I find that Rotary can, and should, discuss the problems of the Chamber of Commerce and the city council, and, possibly, advise those organizations in diplomatic fashion of its conclusions. But I do not believe that Rotary can act in these fields without creating an organization war out of which must come the death of Rotary. If a Rotarian can advance his thoughts concerning a civic or municipal improvement without the dread of being appointed a committee of one to carry them out, he will talk freely and, nine times out of ten, he will become so interested that he will build himself into an active and constructive agent in the Chamber of Commerce and municipal affairs. But even these discussions toward clarity of community thought and policy are, at best, side issues. If I understand Rotary, they cannot be part of its major program.

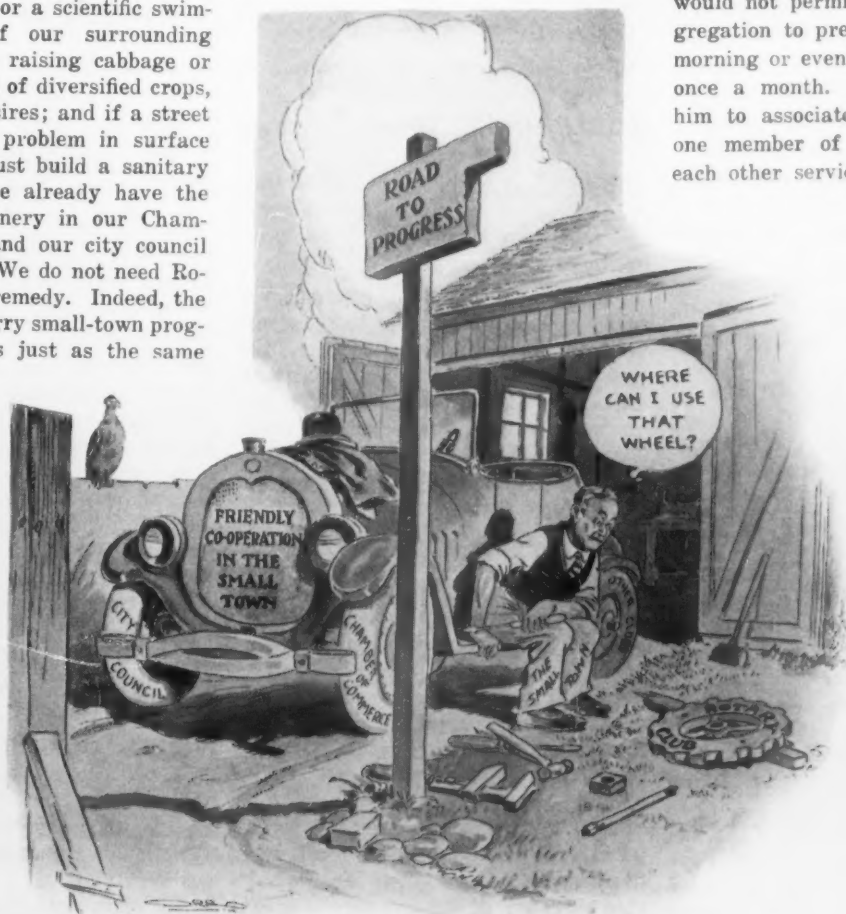
IN the small town more than in any larger community, however, banks libel each other, competitors are positive enemies, political parties develop fac-

tions, congregational hypocrisy breeds readily, one club spits at another. At the same time all of these costly deficiencies originate in human nature. One of the most noble impulses is being carried to extremes. Men are trying to be loyal to their own and don't know how. This is Rotary's field, it seems to me.

Since small towns do not have the large reservoirs of local genius to draw from in arranging their programs, Rotary can be carried on here only by the method of individual expression. Of course, every meeting should have its preacher or entertainer, if possible. But every meeting must also present one or more members of the club in the act of making his own mind think out a discussion of the ethics of business and society. The small-town club will not include more than thirty members at any time. Indeed, we have not yet passed twenty; we have not felt justified in rushing. Every three months should find every member of the club on his feet thinking aloud. This is self education and no man can actively associate himself with education in any field for any considerable time without learning something.

A collateral example might be drawn from the church without inferring any criticism of the work the church is now doing. I have thought that I would not permit the pastor of a congregation to preach to them, at either morning or evening service, more than once a month. But I would require him to associate himself closely with one member of the congregation for each other service, guiding and aiding

that member in the preparation of a discussion of the scriptures to be read, or recited or spoken extemporaneously by the congregational member. The plan might be given some latitude, of course, in its execution. But the reason for it, I think, is obvious. More study of the scriptures. More weighing and rejecting and hearty accepting, especially the last. More conviction. I have noticed that a man will automatically do whatever he thinks is all right to do. This ex-
(Cont'd on p. 46)



AN ESSENTIAL PART IN FRIENDLY COOPERATION

These Two Men Went to Stratford-Town

THEIR train was speeding through a grim, green country, spotted and striped with hedge-rows. A stout, middle-aged man, wearing the emblem of "The Peptomist Club" in the lapel of his blue serge coat, turned from the gliding landscape to regard another occupant of the third-class compartment. Both men had entered the carriage at Leamington Spa, the junction where travelers from London to Shakespeare's country change trains.

During their half-hour ride neither had made an initial move towards conversational reciprocity. The American gentleman's obvious scrutiny of his fellow-traveler was really a symptom of petulant nostalgia. He was specifically homesick for that free-for-all forum, the smoking-room of the American passenger train, where any and all subjects are discussed without restraint of voice or opinion.

He had found these Englishmen a taciturn lot, and Mr. Charles Daniel was not a taciturn person. He was, in the elegant phraseology of other "Peptomists," a regular fellow, with a stock of spicy yarns on hand to be cheerfully displayed whenever and wherever he could find an appreciative audience. Moreover, he was a zealot for his faith, his faith being the superiority of everything American, particularly everything pertaining to the city of Birmingham, the metropolis of his native state. Members of "The Peptomist Club" have not forgotten how they were stirred to a frenzy of civic enthusiasm by "Dan's" notable Anniversary Night Speech, which closed



"Well, I'm ready to give this town the once over," he announced.

By John William Frazer

with the crusading appeal, "Say, fellows, let's put 'B' in Birmingham and make her b-u-z-z." The man had pep!

Mr. Daniel's sojourn in England was solely for the purpose, as his passport very truly stated, of recreation and travel. He had traveled, but his recreational adventures were not meeting his anticipations, the principal reason being that his conversational overtures to the natives of that fair land had not been highly successful.

Englishmen to whom he had, anon, volunteered the information that their country was a hundred years behind the United States of America had not seemed awed or even greatly impressed. It had not been inspiring to hear his impassioned descriptions of dizzy-heighted skyscrapers, roaring factories, towns springing up in a night like Jonah's gourd, received with a bland "Quite so," or a disinterested "Fancy." On one occasion, while partaking of his evening meal in a Bloomsbury Square hotel, Mr. Daniel's epic narrative of the commercial greatness of his country had been brought to an abortive end when he paused to

inquire if the wistful-eyed gentleman opposite him "had ever been to America?"

Whereupon the gentleman had enthusiastically related his experiences in the United States by muttering, "Rather," and again concentrating his attention on a methodical destruction of the grilled lamb-chop on his plate. Thereupon, Mr. Daniel had ment-

ally catalogued all Englishmen by such appropriate and expressive metaphors as "Washouts," "Flat Tires" and "Dead Uns."

He had no reason to believe that his fellow-passenger would prove an exception. The man's face was hidden in his newspaper, but the loose-fitting grey tweed suit proclaimed the man. Mr. Daniel's pent-up resentment at English complacency in the face of American superiority, accentuated by poignant memories of jovial hours in smoking-cars beyond the rolling Atlantic, suddenly asserted itself in an overwhelming desire to "tell this guy a few things." With this patriotic object in mind he ventured the remark that they were at that moment traveling on "a punk train." The newspaper was instantly lowered and Mr. Daniel saw a pair of eyes in a youngish face turned on him in polite inquiry.

"BEG PARDON!" the man said with more civility than interest. The tone of characteristic aloofness did not escape the exponent of progressive Americanism, but he proposed to have his say this time.

"A punk train," he reiterated, and proceeded to elucidate his proposition. "Here we are shut up in this dinky

little compartment, no bigger than an elevator. What's the idea of boxing in passengers like they were convicts? And look at that toy engine." The train was whirling around a curve at a tremendous speed, bringing into view the little engine with its flying wheels. "It is fast though."

"Yes, that's so," Mr. Daniel admitted, surprised and somewhat mollified by the pleasantly voiced defense of His Majesty's railway service, "but a Pullman berth on the Pan American will feel like Heaven again when I get home." The similarity of American trains to joys celestial was conceded with a nod and a smile. Mr. Daniel's congealed distaste for British subjects began to thaw.

"By the way," he inquired, "when do we get to Stratford-on-Avon—on the Avon? Never can tell when you get to your station over here."

"The next stop is Stratford-on-Avon. That is my destination, also," the other answered.

"I promised my wife I'd stop there on account of its being where Shakespeare was born," Mr. Daniel explained. "Kate's a highbrow."

The train slackened its speed and drew into the station, coming to a stop without a jar. A guard unlocked the door of the compartment.

"What's the best way to give this town the once-over?" asked the obedient husband of the "highbrow" spouse as the man took their luggage from the racks above the seats. "I got to leave here in the morning."

"I am at leisure for the day, and shall be glad to show you some of the places of interest," the stranger generously offered.

"Now, that's mighty nice of you. And say," Mr. Daniel added in a repentant mood, "I didn't mean to throw off on your country."

"You didn't," was the enigmatical rejoinder.

A lone hotel conveyance was waiting for the few passengers who sauntered through the station gates, a rickety omnibus. Between the shafts a big, sleek horse, in brass-spangled harness dozed, somnolently indifferent to his fine trimmings.

"Hurrah for Noah's Ark," Mr. Daniel guffawed jovially as he squeezed into the seat beside his fellow-traveler. The driver picked up the reins, the languorous horse awoke, remembered his mission in life and started off at a slow trot, the brass-spangled harness jingling musically. By this ancient,

though decidedly pleasant mode of locomotion they ultimately arrived at a low, rambling, many-gabled structure, designated by a swaying sign board, in burnt Old English lettering, "The Shakespeare Hotel." A uniformed attendant led them down a stone-flagged hall to the desk where they registered.

The grey-tweed gentleman was quenching his thirst at the bar, when Mr. Daniel, freshly shaved and powdered, joined him half an hour later.

"Well, I'm ready to give this town the once over," he announced.

"Join me in a glass of Bass first. I recommend it." The man's slender fingers fondled the half-emptied glass of a foaming brown liquid.

"Nope," said Mr. Daniel. "I'm a prohibitionist. Prohibitionist at home, prohibitionist abroad, that's my rule."

TOGETHER they strolled through the narrow streets, between low-roofed houses settling with age, whose sombre walls flashed with boxed flowers blooming in every casement window.

"A good fire would help this town," Mr. Daniel paused to comment, "these houses look a hundred years old."

"Some of them are much older," he was told.

Presently they were standing before an ancient church, the gargoyles on its towers grotesquely weazened by the rains of centuries.

"In this church," Mr. Daniel's mentor was saying, "the myriad-minded one, as a lad, said prayers and sang Te Deums. And here," he pointed his cane towards an adjoining building, its jutting second story abutting on the street, "is where the mighty bard got his schooling. It is still used as a

grammar-school for Stratford-on-Avon lads. Let us go in."

Having climbed the narrow stairs, they were politely relieved of sixpence each and admitted to a low-raftered room, furnished with school desks and chairs of the most primitive type.

"You can imagine how young Master William Shakespeare appeared, standing on one foot in that corner, with a dunce-cap on his head." The tweed-clad one laughed softly at this figment of his imagination.

"Kate's up on all of that." The reliable Kate was vicariously upholding the literary standing of her husband wandering in Shakespeare-haunted Stratford.

Mr. Daniel's conductor led him along the beaten paths to the usual places of interest, the house where Shakespeare was born, the Memorial Theater on the silver-gray Avon flowing between grassy banks, Christ's Collegiate Church where the poet is buried.

"That's a mighty little grave for a famous man to be buried in," remarked the dauntless pilgrim to the shrine of England's greatest literary genius, as they stood before the altar rail looking down at the modest slab. "Gosh! you ought to see Grant's tomb in New York. What's that writing on the grave? The letters are kinda dim."

The lettering of the famous epitaph on the stone was almost undecipherable. But the person whom Mr. Daniel had already classified as a Shakespeare shark, began to read:

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear—"

(Continued on page 62)

Illustrations by
R. M. Brinkerhoff



The voice of One Hundred Per Cent American rose in indignant protest.
"I wouldn't have stood for it!"

Come with us on a visit to the Indians of the Great Southwest where we can still "catch our archaeology alive"

Prayer-Stick and Tom-Tom

By Fred Hamilton Rindge

WHY do Americans prefer to visit Pompeii and the ruins of Egypt and Africa, when they can so readily see the remains of prehistoric civilizations in their own Southwest? Why do pyramids and sphinxes seem more entrancing than snow-capped mountains, vast forests, lofty mesas, painted deserts, cliff-dwellings, and adobe pueblos? All these and much more can be found in abundance in Arizona and New Mexico. One can also meet the descendants of Indians who existed in numerous rock holes long before the misty dawn of history! Hence Lummis' classic remark that we can still "catch our archaeology alive."

In eighteen independent villages are 10,000 dignified, kindly, peaceable Pueblos; in nine towns perched perilously on three rocky mesas are 2,500 hospitable Hopis, and on a vast desert reservation of 12,000,000 acres are nearly 40,000 stalwart Navajos — fascinating, challenging children of silence. And most of these bronzed people are so "degraded" that they mind their own business; so "uneducated" that they have

The Governor of Santa Clara, New Mexico, and his wife. These Indian governors still treasure the silver-headed canes which Lincoln presented to their predecessors

Below—A young "brave" from San Ildefonso—like most boys he probably likes his plumes much more than his "store clothes"



Walpi, perched perilously atop of a mesa in Hopiland, Arizona. Here the snake-dancers furnish their audiences with a half-hour spectacle—thrilling, symbolical

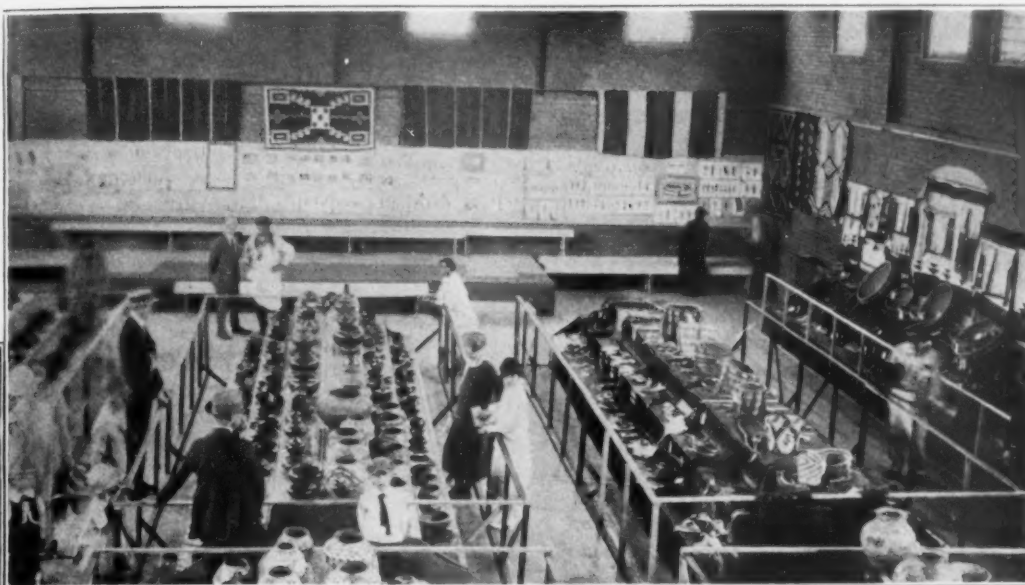
successfully resisted paleface ways; so "irreligious" that they persistently follow the faith of their Fathers!

Says Dr. J. K. Dixon in his "Vanishing Race," "Long ago the universe became to the Indian a sounding-board of every emotion that thrilled his being. He found in its phenomena an answer to his longings and the high expression of every fervor of his soul. We cannot understand this, because the Indian chased the ethereal, the weird, the sublime, the mysterious; whereas we chase the dollar. He heard the voice of nature; we listen to the cuckoo clock of commerce. Instead of the common acceptance that the Indian has no religion, every single act of his life carries with it some ceremonial function, and his whole being is surrounded by a shining host of ceremonial spirits."

This has always been true of the American Indian and it is true now. In our inimitable Southwest, past, present, and future clasp hands; ancient ruins and modern pueblos gaze at each other under a turquoise sky, with new understanding. The spades of the archaeologists are ever turning up some of the finest aboriginal handiwork in the world, and the expert is interpreting numerous "finds" so clearly, that the heretofore hazy history of the Indian is rapidly becoming an open book. One can now drive over excel-

A section of the great Indian fair at Santa Fé, where some of the best Indian pottery, weaving, basketry and painting is on exhibit. The fair is made vivid by dances and Indian sports.

Below—Marie Martinez and her artist husband, Julian, combine their talents to make some of the best pottery produced in New Mexico



dreds of superb pottery types recovered from many old towns. Complete your observations at San Ildefonso Pueblo, twenty-five miles northeast, where Tonita, Ramona, or the incomparable Marie will show you how modern pottery is moulded, scraped, fired, polished, and painted by hand. Acquire a piece of the beautiful black or red ware, signed by the finest pottery-maker in the entire Southwest and your trip will seem lastingly worth-while!

And do not fail to meet Juan, the genial Indian Governor of the same village. If you find favor with him, he will invite you into his neat, simple home and proudly exhibit his silver-topped cane, presented by President Lincoln to one of his predecessors in 1863. The pueblo is built around two plazas and the houses are of characteristic adobe (clay and straw). The "kiva" or ceremonial chamber is a circular structure partly underground, like

those found in hundreds of ruins. If it is summer time, the cornfields will be waving triumphantly in the breeze, for have there not been long and elaborate prayers and dances for rain, that this very abundance might come? If it is early fall, thousands of ears of corn—red, blue, black, orange, lavender, and white—will be stacked high for the hours of husking, and long strings of bright red chili will cut vivid lines against the drab adobe roofs. Across the square you may meet the venerable "cacique," thin and wan from days of penance and fasting for the fulfillment of prayers for his people. He has a kindly wrinkled face, which betokens a welcome to him who comes to befriend and not to intrude. Men, clad in gay shirts, wide trousers and moccasins are busy in the fields, women sing ancient melodies while engaged in numerous household tasks, and bashful, children troop home from school or prove their prowess with bow and arrow.

It is said that the modern American home is supplied with everything except the family. It is not so with the

lent highways in New Mexico and Arizona to the main points of departure and thence over fair roads to view some of the interesting remains of the distant past. At such places as Pecos, Pueblo Bonito, Aztec, and the Mimbres Valley, one may observe the excavators patiently unearthing stone houses hundreds of years old and finding tons of prehistoric implements and arrowheads, pottery and fragments, ornaments and prayer-sticks, flutes and pipes, fetishes and medicine stones, trinkets and apparel, bones and complete skeletons.

In some places these valuable objects are discovered in stratified layers, the oldest on the bottom, the next oldest above and so on, all arranged as neatly as raisins in a huge layer cake. At Pecos, twenty-five miles east of Santa Fé, the site was occupied continuously for a thousand years and seven different villages have been found built one on top of the other. Watch the skillful archaeologists painstakingly piece together the fragments of an antique bowl, until a seemingly hopeless jumble is resolved into an exquisite example of an ancient art. Then go to the State Museum at Santa Fé and study the hun-



Sand-painting is a distinctive Indian art. No brush is used, the five colored sands being poured between the fingers to produce these elaborate designs. Navajo traditions are depicted in the paintings, which are always destroyed at sunset

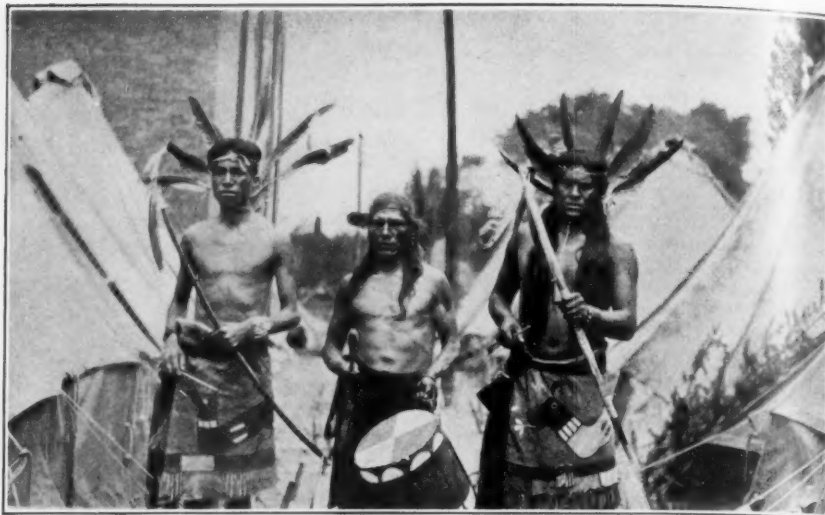
Indians! As in past ages the wife is supreme in the household, owns most of the possessions and acts as family banker. Oddly enough the women are still the expert masons and plasterers of the village, as in days of yore. Some of their husbands, like Awa Tsireh and Julian Martinez, are splendid artists. They are able to paint the intricate and symbolic figures of the many ceremonial dances because they possess the ancient wisdom handed down in the "kiva" councils. Centuries ago their ancestors depicted similar scenes on the great cliffs above their crude dwellings, and today one may visit the famous Painted Cave north of the pueblo of Cochiti, or scale the massive walls of Frijoles Canyon and gaze wonderingly at those early pictographs cut in sandstone.

It is probable that 4,000 years ago nomadic tribes roamed the great deserts, devoid of clothing or shelter, and ignorant of arts of agriculture. Eventually these roving bands acquired a knowledge of corn-growing and began to settle down and till the fields. Increasing agricultural stability afforded leisure to develop basketry, weaving, and implement-making. Possibly a bird's nest first suggested the woven basket. When this basket leaked, a mud lining was tried. One day this lining baked hard over the fire. Thus was pottery-making born! Long before white men arrived, the early Pueblos



This Navajo medicine man is a mighty Shaman who has great influence among a tribe which still numbers 40,000

At Right—A group of Taos ready for a dance. Each of the 300 Indian tribes has some distinctive costume or hair-dress, but it takes an expert to distinguish them.



These Pueblo dancers of New Mexico are wearing typical costumes. The Indians are keen archers and will send a steel-tipped arrow 100 feet to the bull's-eye

occupied cliff dwellings like those of Mesa Verde and Frijoles, and great community houses in the valleys and on the mesas, like Chaco Canyon and Pecos. Many of these were far more capacious than any of the present villages. As Utes, Apaches, Navajos, and Comanches preyed upon their wealthier contemporaries, the Pueblos, the latter gathered together and entrenched themselves in strongly fortified towns. Here they perfected their arts and architecture, their social and religious organizations. No one knows to what degree of culture they might have attained, had it not been for the onrush of superior forces, which we prefer to term "the agents of civilization." At any rate predatory tribes, conquering white armies, and paleface diseases wrought their havoc, until today these oldest Republics on earth contain a shattered remnant of the most striking ethnologic group in America!

When the Spaniards first entered the territory under Coronado in 1540, they found

ruins of thousands of dead "towns" and eighty living ones. In some places the inhabitants had domesticated the wild dog and turkey, learned the secrets of extensive irrigation, stored immense quantities of grain and made practicable garments of fur and skins, as well as fine pottery. On some of the pottery which the tourist may readily pick up in the desert today, will be found intricate geometric and naturalistic designs. Animals, reptiles, birds, insects, dances, hunting-scenes are pictured with convincing detail. The wide variety of decoration is particularly surprising. K. M. Chapman, art director of the State Museum, in Santa Fé, has decided that there are only thirty essential elements of design in all Pueblo pottery. It is the combination and arrangement of elements and colors which produce so many different effects on old, as well as on new pieces. The Indians still place works of art, food, and favorite possessions in graves of the departed. A smart American once asked an old warrior: "Why do you put all that junk in your friend's grave? Do you think he will

(Continued on page 54)





When commercial flying becomes as popular as its adherents hope these students of aviation will have an interest in the great air lines connecting all important towns.

The Boy and the Job

The St. Louis Merit Badge Exposition and what it has done to promote interest in the boy and his future job

By Thos. W. Parry, Jr.

DAVE BROWN walked briskly into the president's office. About seventeen, the youth presented a pleasing appearance and was well dressed. He was the type in whom business men would probably see timber for a future executive.

"Good morning, sir," he greeted the president. "Dave Brown is my name. I have come to apply for a job."

"For what sort of a job are you fitted?" asked the president.

"Anything you may have open," returned Dave.

"Have you made a study of any special line?"

"Well—no—I guess I haven't."

"I'm sorry, young man, but this organization cannot afford to employ one who has not fitted himself for one of the branches of our service."

There it was again. Specialization. Some one in school had drilled into Dave the importance of specialization, but he had passed it off lightly. Now he was beginning to see his mistake. He was a fair all around man, not an

expert in any particular line. That was why he hadn't been able to make a connection. He was pondering over his predicament when he walked smack into a fire line across the street.

"Move back there!" some one shouted.

Now for the real story. Dave wasn't actually out of a job. And the president to whom he applied for work wasn't a president at all. There really had not been any fire across the street, although Dave had run into the fire line and had been rebuked by a volunteer fire fighter for doing so.

It was all a part of the second annual Boy Scout Merit Badge Exposition at St. Louis. The Scouts were demonstrating to an interested audience the varied training they receive in working for merit badges. And there was nothing unreal in the demonstration. From the tone of voice of the president of the concern, one would have supposed that an applicant was surely being denied his request for a job. There was nothing imaginary in the fire line formed by the Scouts. Another Scout was carry-

ing an exhausted fire victim to safety in just as realistic a manner as any fireman had ever performed.

What is a merit badge, anyhow? And why? Before we attempt to answer these questions very fully, before we attempt to explain the many distinctive marks which Scouts wear so proudly let us take the angle from which boys in general approach this subject—the matter of hobbies. We often talk of the boy in abstract terms, a method which has undeniable advantages. But we know very well that no two boys are quite alike and that each has individual preferences—and individual peevishnesses as well. His preferences express themselves in hobbies long before he is ready for vocational work.

WHEN your boy or mine takes up some hobby we are quite likely to consider it just a passing fancy and to ignore the real meaning of his newfound interest. We know that we rode several hobbies in our own boyhood, but that few of them interest us much

today. So we discount Dave's interest, and lose a real opportunity to strengthen our relations with him.

This is unjust to the boy and equally unjust to ourselves. If we would realize that there are at least five ways in which a boy's hobby is quite significant. His hobby has a direct bearing on craftsmanship, on citizenship, on individual and national prosperity, on education and—what is most important to us—on his family life.

Let us consider these a little more fully. Even in an age of standardized products someone must furnish the designs from which products are made. Designs may be ugly and useful or beautiful and useful. They may indicate complete disregard of everything but the dollar or they may show a real liking for the work done without any sacrifice of their earning capacity. Other things being equal we want beauty in the things we use. A well-designed percolator, for instance, need not cost any more than one that has the lines of an army tank. But wherever you find beauty in a product you find also a man to whom the job is something more than a means to get a salary check. Let the boy ride his hobby and when he acquires sufficient

skill he will wish to exercise his good taste, thus making this a more pleasant world for all of us.

The next item—citizenship—has been treated so often that it needs little emphasis. But surely we should encourage the boy to indulge in hobbies rather than let him suffer from the consequences of enforced idleness—and the evil associations which are only too available for boys with nothing to do. Remember that many of the little tasks which occupied us in our own boyhood are removed from the modern home.

The matter of prosperity is less sure. Still we can see that even if the hobby of the moment does not become the boy's vocation later, the practice he gains from one hobby will help him to solve the problems of another which may be followed through life. We can see too that every addition to individual skill means ultimately a more prosperous man and many prosperous men will affect to a great degree our national life. Hobbies are not primarily for financial return, but it has often happened that a well-developed hobby became the chief source of revenue.

THIS phase often overlaps the educational influence of hobbies. All riches are not cash or bonds or real estate—in fact economists tell us that our only need of cash is to purchase satisfactions, utilities. Education, which may be manual as well as mental, certainly provides satisfactions and utilities. Besides that it helps us to solve other problems either individual or communal. The boy who is now absorbed in the effort to make a dog-kennel which shall be the best in the neighborhood is incidentally learning something of town-planning. He will be the sort of citizen who wants good school equipment for his own boys, who supports bond issues for civic improvements. We send boys to school that they may learn to care for their own bodies and minds, for we know that without education and without the right attitude toward life the individual runs a greater chance of becoming a social liability.

(Continued on page 50)



A fire—like all other emergencies—calls for cool, quick thinking. These Scouts are demonstrating first aid, the proper method of turning in an alarm, the way to form a fire line, and other things the firemen must know in order to be efficient.



The Scout at the desk appears to be the president of the concern. While he transmits an important letter into the dictaphone another executive is rattling off a telegram on the typewriter and in the background there is the inevitable conference.



HAROLD G. HOFFMAN, South Amboy, N. J.



WALTER MITTELHOLZER, Zurich



ADMIRAL TSAI TING-KAN, Peking, China



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, Emporia, Kans.

ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Harold G. Hoffman, of South Amboy, New Jersey, recently became one of the youngest successful candidates for election to the House of Representatives. Still in his early thirties he has twice been in the State Assembly, has been mayor, president of the county bankers association, an army captain promoted from the ranks, is president of the South Amboy Rotary Club.

Walter Mittelholzer, flying the hydroplane "Switzerland," will take off from Zurich

shortly for a flight to Capetown, following the Nile and the West Coast. He is manager of the Ad Astra-Aero Swiss Air Traffic Company, famous for one-time flight to Persia and scientific expedition to North Pole regions. He will carry the flag of the Rotary Club of Zurich, presented by fellow-Rotarians.

Admiral Tsai Ting-Kan, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Director-General of the Revenue Council, received part of his education in the

U. S. A. in the early seventies; saw much active service in the Chino-Japanese War of 1894; was the Senior Commissioner of the inquiry into Shanghai shootings in 1925; was first president of Peking Rotary.

William Allen White, famous editor of the Emporia, Kansas, Gazette, recently presented his town with a 50-acre park. The gift was officially accepted by Mayor Atherton, incidentally one-time employee of Editor White's newspaper.

"I Mind My Compass"

THE COMMANDERS of the Rotary Fleet of six ships to sail from New York on May 25th and 26th, carrying Rotarians and their families to the 18th Annual Convention to be held at Ostend, June 5th to 10th.



CAPTAIN S.G.S. McNEIL, R.D.R.N.R.
"SAMARIA"



CAPTAIN R.G. MALIN, R.N.R.
"LANCASTRIA"



CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE
"TRANSYLVANIA"



CAPTAIN J.G. TOWNLEY, R.N.R.
"AURANIA"



CAPTAIN F.G. BROWN, R.D.R.N.R.
"CARMANIA"



CAPTAIN W.H. HOSSACK, R.D.R.N.R.
"CARONIA"

"Down to the Sea in Ships"

Some Introductions to Men You Should Meet

By Charles St. John

THE best description of a modern liner I know is that line about "and the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea." The quotation may not be quite accurate but it will serve to stress the fact that each big trans-Atlantic ship is a floating town, complete with everything that its few thousand inhabitants need for a week. If anything, I suspect that many of them fare rather better than usual while they are on board.

I have been "across" three times, have travelled on liners and on cattle-boats converted into troopships. Not enough to speak very authoritatively, perhaps, but enough to realize what a man-size job is that of the man on the bridge. Of course the job is pretty well parcelled out, but the keen-eyed gentleman who sports four gold stripes on his sleeve and often a service ribbon or two on his chest, wins both my admiration and my sympathy.

Admiration because of what he is—and sympathy

because he has so little time to enjoy the trip. For he cannot watch the dolphins at play, nor does he often indulge in deck sports. He is responsible for the safety of those thousands on board—and if anything goes wrong tradition declares that he shall be the last man off. He is, in addition to all this, a combination mayor, chief of police, minister, and supervisor of health. On board ship his authority is supreme.

Further, he is an ambassador—unofficially—for often he represents the marine service of another land—and we get our impressions of other lands largely from their citizens. To his credit be it said that he is a good ambassador and has a cheery word for his guests whatever their nationality.

Therefore, Rotarians and Rotary Anns, I feel privileged to introduce you to the men who will take charge of the great Rotary fleet when you leave for Ostend, Belgium, next May. They are:

CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE, commander of the "Transylvania," is the son of the late David D. Bone, publisher of the *British Daily Mail* of Glasgow, and brother of James Muirhead Bone, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. He comes from a large and talented Scottish family, and is well known in America as the nephew of George D. Bone, the veteran printer of New Haven, who in his time, has been the foreman of nearly all, if not all, the newspapers in New Haven since the time of the old *Morning News* in the eighties.

Captain Bone, besides being an excellent navigator and sailor is a golf player of no mean order and also a well-known novelist. The "Brass Bounder" and "Broken Stowage" are among the most popular novels written by this seaman. They are replete with the thrills of a sailor's life. All of Captain Bone's volumes have passed into several editions.

As commander of the "Transylvania," his genial disposition and adaptability make him a decidedly interesting character.

CAPTAIN W. H. HOSSACK, R. D., R. N. R., commander of the "Caronia," was born in Liverpool, England, in 1871. He made his first trip at the age of eighteen, serving over ten years on sailing vessels. It was during this time that Captain Hossack obtained all his board-of-trade certificates. He became a member of the Cunard Line in 1898 when he joined the "Ultonia" as fourth officer. During the next twelve years he served successively on the "Umbria," "Campania," and "Pannonia," then after a period of duty as staff-captain of the "Lusitania" and the "Mauretania," he took charge of the "Aurania" which at that time was under naval control as a transport.

Captain Hossack has an unflinching sense of humor which makes him a very popular figure among those who ride the high seas.

CAPTAIN F. G. BROWN, R. D., R. N. R., commander of the "Carmania," has been a member of the Cunard Line staff since 1900 when he joined the "Campania" as fourth officer. Previous to this Captain Brown had

served eight years in sail, obtaining all his board-of-trade certificates in "Wind-Jammers."

During the next ten years he served successively on no less than eight Cunarders, after which he was given command of the "Thracia" in 1911. After a period of duty as staff-captain on the "Mauretania," he took charge of the "Ascania" and then the "Ausonia," being in command of the latter vessel when war broke out in 1914.

Like so many other Cunard officers, Captain Brown held a commission in the R. N. R. He was appointed lieutenant-commander and went straight from the bridge of the "Ausonia" to the turret of the "H. M. S. Albion."

He has a war record unusually good even for the merchant marines which resulted in his being promoted to the substantive rank of captain R. N. R. over the heads of many other commanders in 1918.

CAPTAIN R. G. MALIN, R. N. R., commander of the "Lancastria," was born in Liverpool in 1874. His mother comes of an old and distinguished Scottish family, the Glendinning of Dumfries. He has been a member of the Cunard Line since April, 1899, when he joined the "Aurania" as fourth officer. Previous to this Captain Malin served five years in sail, obtaining his board-of-trade certificate in 1893 and his master's certificate in 1898. He then served successively on the "Servia," "Ivernia," "Etruria," and "Carpathia," after which he was given command of the "Phrygia" then on Mediterranean service.

During the war Captain Malin was in command of the "Ultonia," "Andania," and "Ascania" which were then under naval control. At the conclusion of the war he was appointed assistant superintendent on shore for London and then acted as superintendent at Bristol and later at Southampton. He acted in this capacity until March of this year when he was then given command of the "Lancastria."

Captain Malin is a former Rotarian and is well known through his service with the Cunard Line both as captain and shore superintendent.

CAPTAIN S. G. S. McNEIL, R. D., R. N. R., commander of the "Samarra," joined the Cunard Line as fourth officer at the beginning of this century, and later acted as chief officer of the "Lusitania" and the "Umbria." He was then given command of the "Albania."

Captain McNeil like many other members of the Cunard Line was attached to the R. N. R. so that at the commencement of the war he joined the British Navy, taking command of patrol ships. Before leaving the navy, he became a captain of the R. N. R.

He was recalled by the Cunard Line the latter part of 1918 and was appointed marine superintendent of Southampton. He acted in this capacity for some time and was then given command of the "Albania" and later the "Carmania." Captain McNeil is a very popular figure in Canada; he was one of the first captains to take a ship to Canada after the war.

Captain McNeill is also a former Rotarian, having been a member when on shore duty. He has a very jolly disposition, is a very fine swimmer, and takes part in nearly all the deck games.

CAPTAIN J. C. TOWNLEY, R. N. R., commander of the "Aurania," went to sea at the early age of fifteen. He obtained his master's certificate in 1904, joining the Cunard Line as fourth officer in that year.

At the outbreak of war, Captain Townley joined the British Navy, serving on "H. M. S. Assistance." Recalled by the Cunard Line in December, 1915, he was promoted to captain of the "Thracia." He later acted as staff-captain of the "Aquitania" during the time she was under naval control as a transport. It is interesting to note that she carried nearly 48,000 American troops in this capacity.

Captain Townley is the proud possessor of the famous ebony stick which is an annual trophy given by the dignitaries of Montreal in honor of the first ship to enter the harbor after the ice has broken. You will note that Captain Townley was carrying this stick when photographed.

Cause and Effect

Boys work leaders hold conference in Chicago

By Arthur Melville

SOMEWHERE—one might say anywhere in the world—is a young man who furnishes incentive for much oratory. He himself is not given to oratory but deftly conceals his real self behind an insouciant mask on the least alarm. This practice is still in vogue among savages with whom—as he is occasionally reminded—he has much in common.

This young man has an abiding interest in games, pets, food, and exploration. He has a healthy dislike for neatness, prescribed tasks and what he in America briefly labels as "applesauce." He is in short a normal boy with a notable appetite and a great concern in the project of the moment. He—some millions of him—will one day do the world's work, a fact of which he is also frequently reminded but which does not interest him greatly at present.

Had he been turned loose in the Edgewater Beach Hotel at Chicago from November 29th to December 1st, he would have learned a good deal about himself, and would doubtless have been embarrassed at being subjected to so much scrutiny. He might have sat teetering precariously on one of the little gilt chairs in that ivory-tinted ballroom and wondered why grown-ups had to talk so much—especially when a keen wind was lashing the breakers into fury and there was the promise of skating on near-by ponds.

But he was not much in evidence—save where a few very neat little Scouts did sentry duty with pre-natural gravity, or a much-buttoned page slipped by with his big silver tray. He was the cause of this Third International Boys Work Conference. He had brought over 500 men together to talk about him. He would benefit by their discussion, and though he was not conspicuous in the physical sense he was certainly the focal point for everything said and done in those three days.

The adults, you see, were—well, just adults. A fairly representative gathering of business and professional men the great majority of them Americans, but with a few Canadians and one Britisher thrown in. Most of them wore dark business suits, though here and there one noted the clerical broadcloth, the blue and red of the Salva-



Above: Benjamin F. Jones, of Newark, N. J., past president of Lions International and president-elect, International Boys Work Conference. In circle—William Lewis Butcher, of New York City, secretary, International Boys Work Conference.

tion Army or the khaki of a Scoutmaster. Like all adults they took themselves rather seriously but under the influence of luncheon or a good joke or a song or two, they unbent considerably. They were the sort of adults whom the boy would readily recognize as probable doctors, teachers, manufacturers, merchants, and so on. No rose and ivory lamps, no speaker's table decorated with chrysanthemums could make them anything else. They were also men who had not quite forgotten their own boyhood—and who were earnestly, perhaps a bit wistfully, anxious that their boys in turn should have worth-while memories to accompany them down the years.

Because some of them were learned, there was talk of psychology, inhibitions, complexes, racial traits, folkways; talk of fresh air, exercise, playgrounds, sanitation; talk of skills, vocational training, supervised play. Because some of them had grown gray in the effort to straighten out the troubles of others there was talk of juvenile delinquency, commercialized recreation, broken homes. Because many of them were officers of various fraternal, civic, or service organizations there was talk of community chests, welfare work, rural-urban cooperation, working with the schools.

Eventually, however, all this discussion led to one conclusion: that if the adult wished to improve the boy that adult should first improve himself. All of which might have moved the boy to yell exultantly "W-e-l-l! What did I tell yuh!"—if he were that kind of boy.

Frankly, these adults admitted that the boy *had* told them, and in many different ways. He had told them through school records, court records, accident statistics, and many more forms. Best of all he had told them by his ready response to the right sort of treatment, and his inarticulate but obstinate resistance to the several forms of manhandling which civilization provides for incorrigible youth of either sex.

IT was to avoid such malfeasance, to inform themselves, that these delegates held their conference. It was that they might carry back to their respective organizations not only the will to improve but the methods for improving that this discussion was held. It was because the adult knows from sad experience that all life cannot be met by the solution of the day's problems, that this conference will be able to accomplish something for the boy that the boy cannot accomplish for himself.

So much for the boy's view of the conference. Reduced to those formulae which adults prefer it were better described as the third in a series of annual conferences first initiated by Rotary International and now sponsored by an independent organization of those who work with and for boys. This conference, as adults would say, was

attended by many of the leaders in sociological, fraternal and ethical movements;" it was "acclaimed by the messages received from President Coolidge, from the Governor-General of Canada, from the Governors of many States;" it received "wide attention from the press and from the more thoughtful elements of our population;" it elected "officers who will guide us through a year of yet more intensive effort;" and so on. But to that representative boy it was just a sign of hope that some day all these grown-ups would act like "reg'lar fellers."

And how do regular fellows act? Here are a few versions taken from the conference speeches:

J. B. Nash of New York University, Associate Professor of Physical Education:

Rest—rest to the child seems useless—he cannot be expected to see that rest insures a savings account to be drawn on the next day and later on in life. Even parents have difficulty seeing this. The hope of accomplishment rests on the game. Teachers and parents—teamwork is the magic word.

Exercise—the next important fundamental of health is exercise. As in the case of rest, exercise may be had for taking, but few of us are taking it.

Frank C. Cross, National Director American Legion:

The Legion's Junior Baseball program has just completed its first year. At a conservative estimate more than 3,000 teams participated—that is to say more than 27,000 boys.

Walter W. Head, President, Boy Scouts of America:

It is for us, attendants of this conference, to contribute the leadership of this cause. It is

for us to furnish the example which will inspire other men and which, through them, will inspire the boys in whom, rightly, we are so greatly interested. We cannot ask others to be physically strong unless we ourselves seek physical strength. We cannot ask others to be mentally awake unless we ourselves strive for mental supremacy. We cannot ask others to be morally straight unless we establish for them the proper example.

S. Kendrick Guernsey, Second Vice-President, Rotary International:

We are not here to evaluate any particular boys work movement. The International Boys Work Conference is for boys one and all. The program runs the whole gamut, privileged and underprivileged, delinquent and pre-delinquent, individually and collectively, in industry, in spare time, in school, wherever and whenever you find them and whenever they need us, boys worker, business man, professional or volunteer. What an opportunity!

Dr. Howard W. Judd, Director of Public Education Association, New York:

As the measurements of intellectual ability and physical fitness become more accurate it is inevitable that the other factors in the child's nature emerge. The school is coming to realize that the real end of education is sound behavior. Not what one knows or can do but one's attitude toward oneself and others is the mainspring of conduct. Intellectual endowments and good health furnish a wealth of power which may be used or abused, according to the inclinations of the individual.

Benjamin F. Jones, Past President, Lions International, and President-Elect International Boys Work conference:

Without attempting to minimize the serious phase of life through which we are passing, I am convinced that the world is growing better—that the young people of today have a finer conception of life than the youth of yesterday. The immediate task confronting every right-thinking individual is to understand and appreciate the fact that young people are thinking for themselves as never before in history. They

understand that talk is cheap, and they are disregarding advice given by those who do not practice what they preach.

Harry H. Rogers, President, Rotary International:

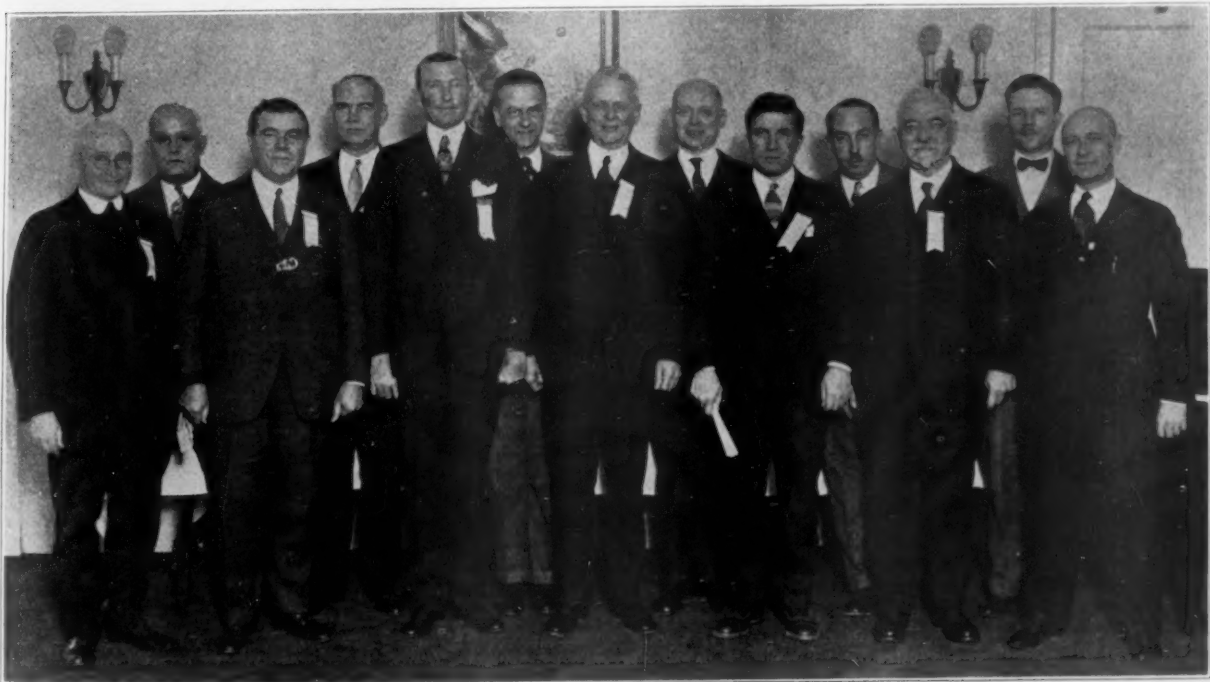
Our agriculture, our mines, our commerce and our manufacturing plants are not our chief source of wealth. Our wealth consists largely in our ability to produce men. Men are only grown-up boys but they can create wealth. When in Belgium a few weeks ago I found that each year the schools select 200 of the most promising boys from whom fifty are finally chosen to be sent, at government expense, to the leading colleges and universities of the world. In this country they may be found in Texas A. & M. College, Colorado School of Mines, Boston Tech., and probably others. Why this painstaking care and unusual expense? That they may go back and under the authority and direction of their country develop the Belgian Congo and make it habitable and profitable for the mother country and a blessing to the world.

We are sending our choicest boys to Cambridge and Oxford. Other countries are sending their boys to our leading technical schools. In other words we are for many reasons demanding the best for our boys. Without regard to nationality these boys so trained will lead the world.

Ralph A. Amerman, President, Kiwanis International:

The welfare of the boy requires that his father be more interested in him than in his business, pleasure or ambition; and that his mother be more attached to him than to society, card parties, and the theater. In a well-known city the members of one of the service clubs spent an evening discussing their boys. During the evening, one member passed around pads of paper and asked each member to think over his week's program and put down the number of hours a day he spent with his son. It was most enlightening to look over these statements. Try the experiment on yourself. Unless you are above the average you will find very low numerals on your sheet.

Straight from the shoulder talk, you see, which will be continued under the
(Continued on page 40)



These are the newly elected officers of the International Boys Work Conference and some of their associates in boys' work. Left to right (both rows) are: Brother Barnabas (Knights of Columbus), second vice-president; Mahlon S. Drake, treasurer; Eugene E. Foster (Y. M. C. A. College), fourth vice-president; Dr. George J. Fisher (Deputy Chief Scout Executive); S. Kendrick Guernsey (Rotary International) member, executive committee; Rowland C. Sheldon (Big Brother and Big Sister Federation), third vice-president; Benjamin F. Jones (Lions International), president; Chesley R. Perry (secretary of Rotary International); David W. Armstrong (Boys' Club); William Lewis Butcher, secretary; C. J. Atkinson (Boys' Club Federation); Ray Hoyer (Notre Dame University); and C. C. Robinson (Y. M. C. A.)

Venezuela

*Where picturesque
folks still roam the
mountains and llanos*

*Columbus sighted
its coast in 1498.*

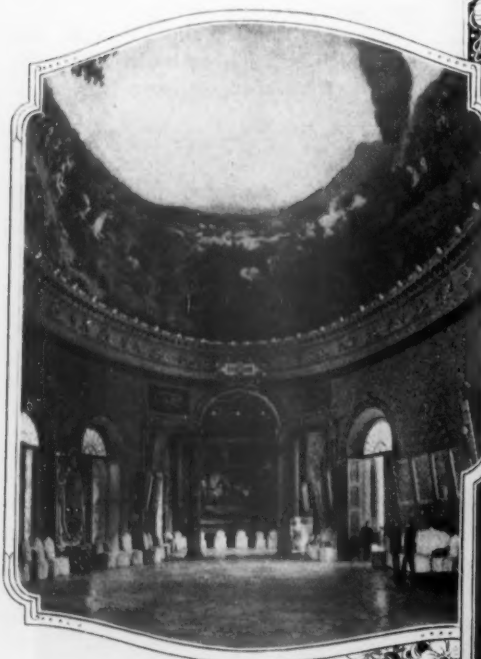
*Bolivar made it
a Republic in 1811*



Above—The Government Palace at Caracas where the administration is conducted for some 3,000,000 citizens.



At right—The Federal arch at Caracas, an impressive memorial.



The interior salon of the Capitol. Portraits of national leaders are on the walls and the painting on the ceiling shows a battle fought on the 24th of June, 1821, at Carabobo.



At left—A classroom in a Venezuelan school where lessons are recited in liquid Spanish.



Above—A street scene in Caracas, Venezuela's capital, on the northeast coast.



Donkey pack-train on the long slopes from Caracas to the coast.

Photos: Publishers Photo Service



Above—A water-carrier plying his trade in Caracas. His burro comments loudly on the advantage of balance.



At right — A Venezuelan mountaineer and one of the sure-footed mules seen on every trail.

He Harnessed the Earth!

An inventor with 400 patents to his credit

By Carl H. Claudy

ROTARIAN Elmer A. Sperry, of Brooklyn, N. Y., might have qualified for membership under any one of a half dozen classifications. Only one benefactor took the roll out of the sea, and made sea sickness on an ocean liner a thing of the past. Only one lighting engineer multiplied by hundreds the power of the finest search lights the best electrical engineers could devise. Only one man is Daddy to "Metal Mike," as ship captains call the automatic steering device which decreases cost and increases speed by taking the human equation out of the quartermaster's work.

And only one man in all history ever harnessed the rotation of the earth and made it work for man.

All these are the aforesaid Elmer A. Sperry, inventor, mathematician, scientist, discoverer, manufacturer, successful business man and . . . Rotarian.

Many of the more than four hundred patents which he has taken out, have made large sums of money. Many are foundation rocks on which rest a number of great businesses. But of them all important and interesting as they are, the most amazing is the gyroscopic compass, to perfect which multitudinous engineering lions had to be slain before a path could be followed to commercial maritime success.

Is a man or his work the more interesting? Mr. Sperry believes that the work is everything, the man nothing. There are others who will not entirely agree, but Mr. Sperry's labors have wrought such spectacular results that it may be wise to consider some of them first, and the man who accomplished them, next.

Down in the bowels of all United States battle-ships and cruisers, torpedo boats, airplane

carriers and auxiliaries of any size, as in vessels of all the world, is a mechanical, electrical and physical marvel called a Master Compass. Elsewhere about the ship may be anywhere from one to thirty-five repeater compasses, which repeat the story of the Master Compass.

The Master Compass is *not* magnetic but gyroscopic. It does what no other piece of apparatus in the world has yet been able to do . . . utilizes the rotation of the earth about its axis for the benefit of man.

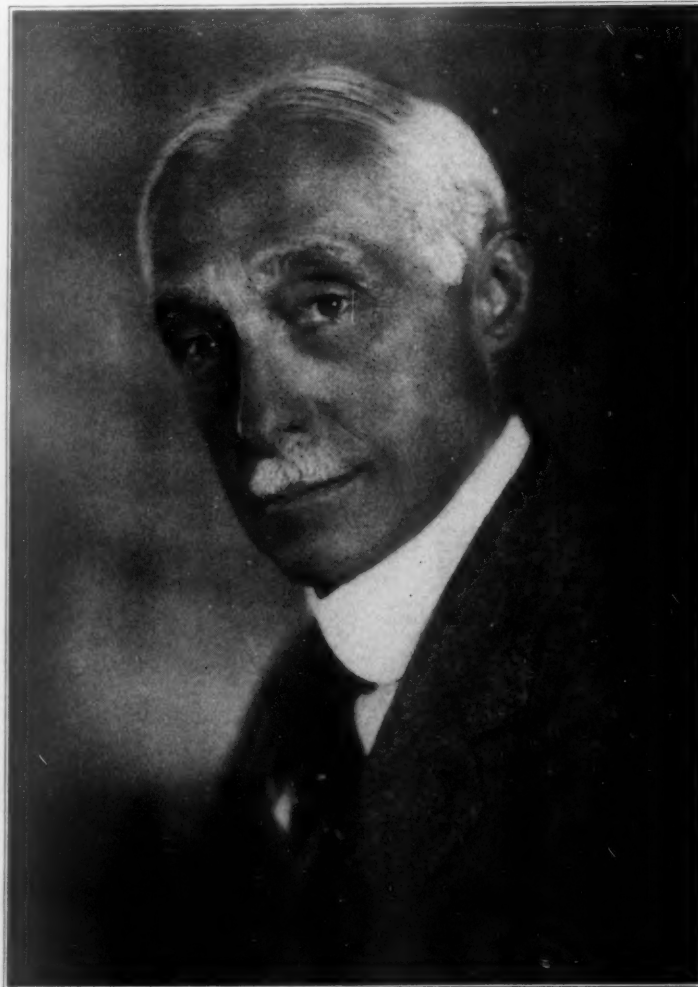
The Chinese claim credit for the invention of the magnetic compass, that weird wonder which has well served mankind. But for modern steel ships,

naval vessels and liners, the use of the magnetic compass is now almost as extinct as the Dodo, although all ships carry them for emergency use.

The gyroscopic compass, which points always to the true north, has a dozen advantages over the magnetic compass, not the least of which is that it does not have a magnetic fit every time a fourteen-inch gun is shifted in a turret. Magnetic compasses do not point to the *true north*, but to the *magnetic north*, which is a different distance from the pole from year to year, and which is therefore at a different angular distance to it according to one's position on the face of the earth. A magnetic compass on a steel ship sometimes goes more or less crazy. Move great masses of iron around, as when big guns in a battleship are shifted in position and the compass becomes utterly unreliable.

ONE has to be a mathematical physicist to comprehend the reason why a gyroscopic compass acts as it does. But then no man has yet been able really to explain why a magnetic compass points to the magnetic pole. It need not, therefore, concern the reader as to *why* the earth's rotation round its axis affects a spinning gyroscope wheel so that, given freedom of motion in space, the axis of that spinning wheel parallels itself to the axis of the earth. But it is intensely interesting to know *how* Mr. Sperry was able to utilize the power of the earth's rotation to steer vessels.

A gyroscope is a wheel, spinning about an axis, which is so arranged that the axis can move in any direction whatever, in space. Many readers will recall the little toy gyroscopes used as a plaything in youth . . . a wheel on an axis, mounted on a ring, (Continued on page 59)



Elmer Ambrose Sperry of Brooklyn was recently awarded the John Fritz Gold Medal, the highest honor bestowed by American engineers. This is an added recognition for his work as inventor, mathematician, scientist, and manufacturer. The most noted of his 400 patents concern gyroscopic compasses and stabilizers for ships and airplanes and a high-intensity arc searchlight. He was born in Cortland, New York, in 1860.

Books for Everyone

*Readers of all tastes may browse at will
among the laden shelves*

By Miles H. Krumbine

THE books presented for review here cover a wide variety both of subject matter and of human interest. They are a fairly balanced diet for a greatly diverse group of people. In a very real way they meet the varying tastes that are dominant in the same individual at different times.

One of the most astonishing things about modern times is the enormous capacity for reading that all of us are manifesting. A season that does not bring out at least three thousand new books is a dull season indeed. I heard recently of one editor alone who had a pile of six hundred books for review in his office. All of them had come out within one month. There are publishing houses that are beginning to speak of "a book a day" as a not impossible standard of production to be achieved. We do read.

Moreover we read for greatly varying reasons. Some of us read for entertainment. That is why the magazines flourish. We turn to literature that will neither tax our reasoning powers or stimulate our imaginations too greatly. We want simply to be soothed and quieted by a helpful story. Then again we read for vicarious excitement. There is a literature that has been called "the literature of escape." We live humdrum lives in the experience of every day. Our routine business bores us greatly. We must have excitement so we turn to the detective stories or the romance and we satisfy ourselves in the excitement that the characters of the book furnish us. We live, as it were, a projected life in the fictitious world created by the writers. "The tired business man" for the time being becomes a roving pirate or an ardent lover; "the weary spinster" becomes a charming princess or a fairy queen. We are all familiar with that sort of literature. Again we read to nourish our mental life. For this we turn to the more substantial literature that very happily is gaining an ever-larger clientele these later days.

The list of books offered here covers pretty much every variety of reading to which man is addicted. Not one of them is a complete failure and several of them are positive miracles of success.

Fathers of the Revolution

By Philip Guedalla. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

THIS is a series of "lightly pencilled sketches" of some men who achieved the American Revolution and of some other men in spite of whom it was achieved. George III, George Washington, LaFayette, and Edmund Burke are the main sitters while Dr. Franklin furnishes the subject for the most fascinating sketch. Guedalla has a name for degrading great men but he specifically insists that these sketches "are not exercises in that tittering denigration in which our age so frightfully asserts its own superiority." To the stories:

"Washington has suffered almost equally from his own qualities and from the piety of his descendants,—never, one feels, has a life of public service been worse rewarded by posterity. He saved, in a military sense he made, the Revolution; and its happy heirs have repaid him with a withered nosegay of 'school girl' virtues. Misconceived panegyric has made him almost ridiculous; and chivalry dictates his rescue from the dull swarms of common-place with which he has been belittled. No more a romp 'with one of the largest girls'; or the exquisite anguish of writing verses (among the frontier surveys in his journal) to his 'Lowland Beauty'; or 'that chaste and troublesome passion for Miss Carey'; or the pleasant thrill as Mrs. Washington rolled into camp before Boston behind her black postilions in the white and red. Nothing remains now but an eternity in his niche, where the father of his country, so admirably adapted to the exigencies of sculpture, stands frozen in his perpetual attitude."

Guedalla then goes on to sketch the real Washington, a man who was an English country squire, exquisitely Georgian, rarely at ease in the company of foreigners, with very few friendships and utterly lacking in cosmopolitanism. "The Anglo-Saxon is rarely equal to an exalted sense of international duty, and when the brotherhood of man appeared in an awkward gleam of French bayonets behind the beating drums of 1793 the President no less than Mr. Pitt remembered that

brotherhood begins at home. The slow growth of his distaste for the French Revolution is one of the most instructive operations of that ingenious mind." In short Washington took strongly after his mother—"after the *sauve*, reserved, well-mannered England of the 18th century, where unhurried gentlemen avoiding all parade, sedately undertook their public duties and bowed to one another a little stiffly. He seemed, as it were, to play an American part with the faintest suspicion of an English accent." Even his military strategy was strongly English. "He was, before all else, a master of deft withdrawals and stubborn defense." And so the story breaks off. One wishes it had gone on.

Twelve sketches are before us in this collection. They are neat drawings of George III, Louis XVI, Lord North, Earl of Chatham, Edmund Burke, General Burgoyne, Earl Cornwallis, Washington, Franklin, Samuel Adams, Hamilton, and LaFayette. They achieve at times the sharpness of an etching. An essay on "Truth" and a footnote on "Greatness" add to a very satisfactory work of real genius. This is distinctly a book to be read by men of mental self-respect.

Adventures in Editing

By Charles Hanson Towne. (Appleton Company, New York.)

"EDITORS are born not made" is the verdict one wants to render when he finishes Charles Hanson Towne's "Adventures in Editing." Certainly this editor was born an editor. He began in childhood, carried on through youth and in his full manhood is still in his editorial seat, not of the scornful but of the understanding and sympathetic. Throughout it has been a glorious adventure, this business of editing. The telling of it in the clear, concise and fascinating way of the skilled writer that Towne makes very engaging reading.

This book is a rare combination of autobiography, racy gossip, and "shop-talk." Not the least delightful part of the book is the very genuine delight the author takes in the life of the editor. "To like the daily job, to look forward to each new morning with enthusiasm—that seems to me the best

that life has to offer to any of us. I can truthfully say that I don't believe I have ever been bored for more than five minutes at a stretch in all my existence. I find the days full of exhilaration, and I cannot understand people who fail to discover adventure in this thrilling world." Obviously a man who so thoroughly enjoys life, even the life of an editor, has rare tonic for the rest of us when we have an attack of the doldrums.

In these pages one sees rare sights: Richard Le Gallienne with his long brown locks visiting America; Mark Twain bumped into on Fifth Avenue; Ella Wheeler Wilcox full of compassion and deficient in taste; Sinclair Lewis starting out to become a novelist; O. Henry offering to accept ten dollars less than the stipulated fee for one of his very first stories if the money be sent to Pittsburgh at once that he might come to New York to write; William Dean Howells who was always sensitive to the authentic note of new talent and delightfully considerate of the author; and many others.

If you have ever sent a manuscript to the magazines and wondered just what it is that is done to your spirited offering read this book and find out. The story of it is very interesting. If you have been hesitating with a manuscript for fear of the editors, read this book and gain courage. The story is very reassuring. If you are simply curious about things read this book and share the thrill that comes in the routine of magazine editing.

The story is told of how one of the most successful magazines today lost its first editor. The publisher was a publisher, not an editor, and had the wisdom to realize that fact. He had kept his eye on a younger man in his vast organization. He decided that the best way to get anything out of him was to give him a free hand, a loose rein, holding him absolutely responsible for results, and see what would happen. He sent for him, and bade him get out three issues of the magazine, untrammelled, unhindered. The young man did so. They were exceedingly good numbers. Pleased as he had never been before, the wise publisher sent for him again, and told him to get out six more numbers in the same way. And these, also, were excellent—even better. Then he made him editor-in-chief, and took a trip abroad, certain that he had left his property in the safest hands.

The publisher was Cyrus H. K. Curtis; the young editor was George Horace Lorimer. The whole world knows how he is still at the helm of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and what strides that weekly has made in the last twenty years.

The Story of Philosophy

By Will Durant. (Simon and Schuster, New York.)

SOME years ago when "The Outline of History" by H. G. Wells was still new I heard a wise man say "you can get more real education by reading that book than by ten years of college." That was an exaggerated way of saying that any one who can and cares to read with some slight power of comprehen-

sion can come by a very liberal education by attending to the Wells' book. Since that great event, the publication of the Wells' "Outline," we have had outlines aplenty. First there was the "Outline of Science" by Thomson. Then came the "Outline of Literature" by Drinkwater. More recently we have had "The Outline of Christianity." Now we have an outline of philosophy, for it is just that that Durant has given us in his book "The Story of Philosophy."

And what a book it is! It reads like a detective story, except that it is so much better than a detective story. The style is easy, the diction is clear, the arrangement of the matter is perfect. Durant writes about philosophy as if it were fiction just as so many novelists write fiction as if it were philosophy. It is an adequate narrative of the growth of human thought upon the things and issues that matter. In an amazing way it tells the story in the words of the thinkers themselves.

Some of us have been put at ease in the society of the learned and the wise as we were never at ease before. Socrates becomes a contemporary, Voltaire a modern; Schopenhauer is given his chance to tell us what he has to offer and then his offering is subjected to the terrific glare of Durant's critical insight. Nietzsche, James, and Dewey are made plain at last.

One cannot say too much for Durant's achievement. In presenting the philosophers to us he has proved himself a supreme philosopher, a philosopher who can write. He can write so well that he is being read. The copy before me is marked "44 thousand." That is all the testimony a book of this sort needs. Men who want to know what we have our minds for will read this book.

I have chosen quite at random several passages for quotation in order to give the reader some sense of the skill with which Durant has fashioned this book. Speaking of Francis Bacon, the author says:

Wherever the spirit of control has overcome the spirit of resignation, Bacon's influence has been felt. He is the voice of all those Europeans who have changed a continent from a forest into a treasure-land of art and science, and have made their little peninsula the center of the world. "Men are not animals erect," said Bacon, "but immortal gods." "The Creator has given us souls equal to all the world, and yet satiable not even with a world." Everything is possible to man. Time is young; give us some little centuries, and we shall control and remake all things. We shall perhaps at last learn the noblest lesson of all, that man must not fight man, but must make war only on the obstacles that nature offers to the triumph of man. "It will not be amiss," writes Bacon, in one of his finest passages, "to distinguish the three kinds, and as it were grades, of ambition in mankind. The first is of those who desire to extend their power in their native country; which kind is vulgar and degenerate. The second is of those who labor to extend the

power of their country and its dominion among men; this certainly has more dignity, but is not less covetousness. But if a man endeavor to establish and extend the power and dominion of the human race itself over the universe, his ambition is without doubt both a more noble-some thing and a nobler than the other two." It was Bacon's fate to be torn to pieces by these hostile ambitions struggling for his soul.

And this passage concerning Voltaire:

His works fill ninety-nine volumes, of which every page is sparkling and fruitful, though they range from subject to subject across the world as fitfully and bravely as in an encyclopedia. "My trade is to say what I think"; and what he thought was always worth saying, as what he said was always said incomparably well. If we do not read him now (though men like Anatole France have been formed to subtlety and wisdom by poring over his pages), it is because the theological battles which he fought for us no longer interest us intimately; we have passed on perhaps to other battle-fields, and are more absorbed with the economics of this life than with the geography of the next; the very thoroughness of Voltaire's victory over ecclesiasticism and superstition makes dead those issues which he found alive. Much of his fame, too, came of his inimitable conversation; but *scripta manent, verba volant*—written words remain, while spoken words fly away, the winged words of Voltaire with the rest. What is left to us is too much the flesh of Voltaire, too little the divine fire of his spirit. And yet, darkly as we see him through the glass of time, what a spirit!—"sheer intelligence transmuting anger into fun, fire into light"; a creature of air and flame, the most excitable that ever lived, composed of more ethereal and more throbbing atoms than those of other men; there is none whose mental machinery is more delicate, nor whose equilibrium is at the same time more shifting and more exact. Was he, perhaps, the greatest intellectual energy in all history?

The Royal Road to Romance

By Richard Halliburton. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

WHEN Richard Halliburton left Princeton a few years ago he yearned for adventure, daring, romance. Though in his early twenties and presumably of considerable maturity in mind and body, the manner in which he satisfied his longing for adventure was on the strictly conventional adolescent order. He set out to travel the seven seas and five continents as a happy, hilarious, companionable tramp who toils not while he can sponge on the toil of others or steal a ride on ship or train. He set forth on "the royal road to romance."

Being young and inexperienced Halliburton finds the world very wonderful and all things in it new and strange. The reader smiles as he notes the exaltation of our traveler when he climbs the Matterhorn "out of season" for the reader remembers that the Swiss guides also climbed the "murderous mountain," always had climbed it, and probably always would. But of course, it's all in the day's work with them and they can't write as Halliburton most undoubtedly can. The commonplace becomes the unusual, the usual

(Continued on page 52)

Buying and Selling

By C. D. Garretson

*Chairman of the Business Methods Committee
of Rotary International*

I DO not know of any relationship that is so fraught with the danger of creating ill-will, as is the buying and selling operation. Many people think that buying is a different operation from selling, that they can buy one way and sell another. The only difference between buying and selling, however, is the side of the desk at which you happen to be sitting at the time of the transaction. Don't many of us act as Mr. Hyde when we are buying, and Dr. Jekyll when we are selling? Don't many of us still practice the same tactics when we are buying that so annoy us when we, ourselves, are the sellers? Don't we, when we both buy and sell, act as though we were in a poker game, looking for an advantage to get just a little more for ourselves, and doesn't this resolve itself into making price the paramount issue in buying and selling?

The object of including a program on buying and selling practices in our Business Methods meetings is to get business men to really look this relationship straight in the face and honestly analyze it and discuss it, not as it applies to any one person in particular, but as it applies to each one of our crafts and professions.

Do we ever ask the people in our sales department what are the things that particularly annoy and irritate them when they are selling, and then investigate our purchasing department and see whether they are not doing the very same things which have so irritated our sales department?

We believe when we are selling that we should have a fair profit for our services, yet do we ever give much thought to this principle when we are buying?

The truth of the matter is that we are making both our buying and our selling infinitely hard because we do not stop to look these propositions straight in the face and analyze our own reactions.

Let's ask ourselves the question—how do we treat the buyer who, figuratively speaking, puts himself in our hands and accepts whatever price we make, and who simply asks us to treat him the way we should like to be treated, if we were sitting in his place? You answer, unhesitatingly, that you give such a buyer the very best that you have. Now then, if that is your reaction to such a buyer when you are the seller, answer—do you buy that same

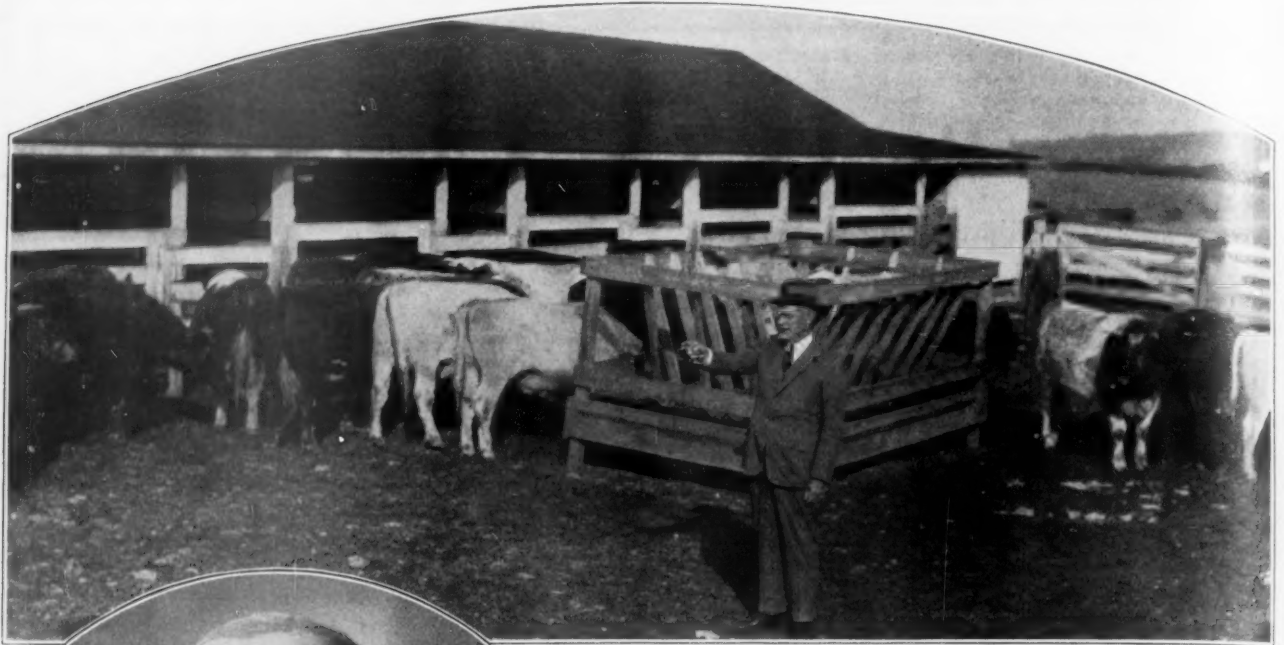
way? If you are inspired to give such a buyer the best that you have when you are the seller, don't you realize that if you take that same position when you are the buyer, you in turn, will get the best which the seller has to offer?

But you may say that although that is your reaction you can't trust the other fellow when you are the buyer. If that is the way you feel about it, just realize that you are only the average human business man and that the other fellow's reaction to honor and confidence is just the same as yours. If you, by your actions, appeal to the best that is in a man, even a business man, you will get the best in return.

IF, therefore, when we are buying, and when we are selling, we want the best, hadn't we better stop taking the hardest way to get that best and take the simplest and surest way of getting it, by buying and selling as I have explained above. Each one of us, by our buying-and-selling standards, influences definitely the buying-and-selling standards of the community and, ultimately, of international trade. A standard such as I have described above, makes for confidence and goodwill, and this is just what every business is striving for and what Rotary, in particular, has set as its ultimate goal.

I quite realize that there are those, even in Rotary, who will take violent exception to the things that I have herein expressed and put them down as impractical and idealistic, but if you will just think about them, and talk about them, I shall have accomplished my purpose, and I am quite content that as you think and discuss the buying and selling relationship along the lines suggested above, you will come eventually to the same logical conclusion that I have and, having convinced yourself that this conclusion is not only logical but practical, you will practice, if you are not already doing so in your buying-and-selling relationship the high standards I have suggested.

Whether you agree or disagree with the ideas expressed you will have an opportunity to voice your convictions when the Business Methods Committee of your club puts on a program on "Buying and Selling." It won't hurt anyone to enter into the discussion at these meetings, and it may help to clear the air and put all buying-and-selling operations on a firmer basis.



Thomas E. Wilson, Chicago packer, inspecting the pens at Sni-a-Bar Farms which were established by the late W. R. Nelson, publisher of the *Kansas City (Mo.) Star* as a demonstration farm for the breeding of livestock. At left—Charles M. Meredith, proprietor of the Quakertown (Pa.) *Free Press* and member of the Rotary Club of Quakertown. His newspaper has been a prize winner in the National Editorial Association competition for the newspaper of the greatest service to its community

Agriculture and the Country Paper

By Norman J. Radder

"DEAR Editor: Please help me buy a pig."

Years ago this serio-comic appeal was received by Arthur Capper, owner of *The Topeka Daily Capital*, *The Kansas City Kansan*, *Capper's Farmer*, and half a dozen other publications, from a youngster living on a desolate farm. The child's wish was gratified and from one little pig came many and relative prosperity for a striving lad.

But the letter had an even more important effect. It was the start of the Capper Pig Clubs for boys and the Capper Poultry Clubs for girls. Mr. Capper goes into partnership with the members of these clubs by lending them enough money to start pure-bred pens. Having loaned more than \$100,000 without security, Mr. Capper recently proudly announced that he had not lost a cent through such financing. He has won the friendship of thousands of aspiring children.

Other newspaper publishers have seen in clubs a means for promoting interest in better agriculture.

In Webster, South Dakota, J. J.

Adams publishes the *Reporter and Farmer*. In order to encourage diversified farming and better livestock, Mr. Adams gave away to boys and girls in Day county two pure-bred bulls, two pure-bred rams, three pure-bred boars, and nineteen pure-bred cockerels. One animal or bird went into each township with the understanding that they were not to leave the county for six years. This was followed up with an offer to duplicate any cash prize which any one of these animals might win at a county fair. This offer was made to encourage perfect care of them. Mr. Adams makes it a point to visit the farms and talk with the boys and girls who own the stock.

For several years *The Minneapolis Journal* has been offering scholarships worth \$100 to the five boys or girls who stood highest among all the calf-club members in the state in each of the five classes, Holstein, Jersey, Guernsey, Ayrshire, and Brown Swiss. These scholarships are good at the College of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota or any other agricul-

tural school. In addition, *The Journal* sends the thirty-three boys or girls who rank next highest to the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago. All expenses are paid by *The Journal*.

Every year the Janesville (Wis.) *Daily Gazette* presents silver cups with about \$150 to the winners of contests among the Sheep, Pig, Baby Beef, and Cow Clubs of Rock county.

The Indianapolis Star gives six college scholarships of \$100 each to members of the boys' and girls' farm clubs of Indiana for work done by those clubs at the Indiana State Fair. The purpose is to stimulate interest in the agricultural extension movement in the state, of which the boys' and girls' clubs form an important part.

These are but a few of the many concrete instances which might be mentioned to show how a new policy toward the community is being worked out in many newspaper offices. This is the policy of community service—the idea of doing more than printing routine news and routine editorials—doing more than this by taking a really sig-

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Dramatizing the Classification

Unique program portrays the member's business

A MOVEMENT toward the goal of 100 per cent attendance in Rotary Clubs throughout the world is sweeping all Rotary. Various plans have been tried with greater or less degrees of success. I sometimes wonder if it would not be possible to make our meetings so interesting, so much to be desired, if you please, that attendance would be sought rather than be obligatory.

At a Rotary meeting once a prize was placed in a member's pocket with instructions to give it to the tenth member who spoke to him. All present knew of the plan but no one knew who had the prize to be given away, so everybody spoke to as many others as possible during the luncheon.

At every meeting there are as many prizes as there are members in your club. In the mind and personality of every member is a prize that is yours for the asking. Every member has some worth-while message which you can carry back to your business and which you may find of inestimable value to you.

We have scarcely more than an hour each week. Let's all get the largest turnover out of the sixty minutes that

By Roy W. Whipple

can possibly be delivered. We make financial turnover the ruling issue in our business. Let's extend that same zealous effort to our time investment. It has been said that the average woman has a vocabulary of but five hundred words but, just look at the turnover.

The small boy's composition, you remember, stated that pepper is the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't have it on. By the same token, cordiality and friendliness is the stuff that makes Rotary meetings fall flat if they are missing.

As the chairman upon one occasion of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Rotary Club Entertainment Committee for a meeting, I would not be willing to state as to the success of the program for the day in question. However, the members rewarded the committee's efforts with the unanimous statement that this meeting headed the list of all past efforts in the way of interest, entertainment, and instruction. The details are as follows:

There were twenty members seated

at the speaker's table. The meeting was proceeding according to the usual program. But just as the president started his last announcement of the business session a group of twenty members seated at the speaker's table began to launch into an undertone discussion.

Following unsuccessful attempts to restore order on the part of the president that nearly broke the gavel, the sergeant-at-arms was reminded that his duty was to either restore order or eject the disturbers. The latter course was found necessary and as they were leaving, a Rotarian from the floor addressed the chair as follows: "It occurs to me that as Rotarians, we do not realize the seriousness of what has just happened. Do we realize that in all the history of this club no one was ever forcibly ejected from a meeting, much less twenty heretofore good and loyal members. Surely the Grievance Committee should hear their side of the case before those ejected leave the building."

The President accepted the suggestion and instructed the Grievance Committee to hasten outside and have a talk with the expelled members. The com-

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Forty feet of "props" were used in this classification exhibit staged at Binghamton, New York. It helped to extend club acquaintance and also to encourage attendance at future meetings.

Some Further Thoughts on Classifications

By Leonard T. Skeggs

Chairman, Committee on Classifications, Rotary International

IN THE December issue of THE ROTARIAN under the subject, "Shall Rotary Become an Exclusive Social Organization?" the writer attempted to show that the extent to which a club was effective in carrying forward the various programs of Rotary International and thus successful in fostering the six objectives of Rotary largely depended upon the degree of adherence to the classification principle. A club should not become an exclusive social organization but should be kept purposeful and its membership representative of all of the honorable business and professional life of the community.

The classification principle is not difficult of understanding. The most important fact to be understood is that a Rotarian's classification is not based upon his title or position in his firm but solely upon the major service of his firm to society.

To illustrate—the classification of the General Counsel of a great railway system, employed exclusively by the railway, even though his work is of a highly technical legal nature is not "Corporation Law" or "Railway Law" but "Railroad Transportation," that being the service of his company. Such classifications as "Trust Officer," "Credit Manager," "President," "Sales Manager" are incorrect.

To enable clubs to easily comprehend Classification and to observe its principles the "Standard Outline of Classifications" has been prepared. A typical page from the Outline is reproduced. Officers, directors, and classification committees of local clubs should be familiar with its contents.

From the beginning, thoughtful leaders acknowledged the necessity of reasonable standardization of

classifications. At the Cincinnati Convention (1916) and at subsequent conventions preparations and publication of suggested standard classifications were authorized. Alphabetical lists of classifications were published from time to time. Under the leadership of Chairman Arthur Pierce, the Classification Committees and Directors of Rotary International of 1921-22 and 1922-23 prepared and published the Standard Outline. Committees of the last three years under the leadership of Chairman Harry Bert Craddick, George T. Guernsey, Jr., and John T. Symes have cross-indexed and completed several incomplete major classifications. These Rotarians and the members of their committees have made great contributions to Rotary. The Committee this year is proposing further revisions and additions.

The Standard Outline provides some seventy-odd major classifications representing the more important lines of business and professional service. Under each major classification are listed minor

classifications depending in number upon the variety of distinct services. Not all possible minor classifications to be found in every community are listed. Clubs may establish additional minor classifications providing they represent separate distinct services. To make our clubs truly representative of all the interests of a community; to prevent the domination of any single interest, not over 10 per cent of the membership of a club may be under a single major classification.

"The Standard Outline" is used almost universally throughout Rotary. The Classifications Committee urges the fullest use of this "Rotary's Encyclopedia of Human Endeavor."

CONSTRUCTION SERVICE

(Major Classification)

THIS major classification includes all forms of construction work and construction services.

The business of the contracting builder, the speculative or operative builder, the housing company, the home development company (where not essentially a real estate business), the moving, wrecking, and salvaging contractor or company, and so on, are all considered as building construction business and as coming

under this major classification of "Construction."

Portable buildings, whether of wood or metal, and for all uses, are essentially construction work, and so are classified here, as are also bridge and ornamental iron construction.

The architect and the structural engineer are associated completely with construction, hence the services of design and erection which they represent are included within this major classification of "Construction."

Under this Major Classification are grouped the following Minor Classifications

BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

BUILDING MOVING, WRECKING AND SALVAGING

COAL HANDLING PLANT CONSTRUCTION

DAM AND RESERVOIR CONSTRUCTION

DOCK CONSTRUCTION

DREDGING

GRAIN ELEVATOR CONSTRUCTION

HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION

MARINE CONSTRUCTION

MOSAIC AND MARBLE TILE INSTALLATION

MUNICIPAL CONSTRUCTION

PILE DRIVING

(The construction of dwellings, business, industrial and public buildings, whether by contract or otherwise)

(Bins and tanks, etc., for the storing and handling of coal)

(Construction of piers, wharves, etc.)

(See also, Marine Construction)

(Road building, surfacing, paving, etc.)

(General harbor and waterway construction)

(Includes the construction of sewers, the laying of water lines, etc.)

Talking It Over

"Talking It Over" in committee meetings and in board meetings usually solves your club problems and establishes correct policies. Under this heading of "Talking It Over" will be discussed each month problems and questions of concern to local club committees and officers. Contributions for this department will be welcomed—The Editors.

The Radioactive Principle of Rotary

By THOMAS G. ROGERS

ABOUT the time Rotary came into being as a novel and practical force in business affairs, Sir William Ramsey at work in his laboratory isolated by many experiments a mysterious substance unlike any chemicals known to man. He passed its rays through a prism and identified it with the discovery of Sir Joseph Lockyer who some years before had found this unknown element in the sun's atmosphere and named it "Helium." At the same time Baron Rayleigh confirmed the momentous discovery and told us that Helium rose in the gas of thermal springs disintegrating at great depth from the oldest rocks. Madame Curie of Poland, following investigations as to the source of the new element, isolated from a ton of pitchblend a few grains of precious matter whose invisible radiations were able to penetrate through substances opaque to ordinary light. She had discovered Radium, the phenomenon which made possible the sending of wireless messages, and which gave rise to the healing agency of light. The extreme scarcity of Radium, which is found only in the ratio of 3.3 parts to ten million parts of uranium, makes the commercial value incredibly high, a single dram being quoted at \$75,000, and three pounds as equal to the entire capital of the Bank of England.

Rotary is not a new thing in the world. Like Radium it had always been: it belongs not only to to-day but to the immemorial past. But it too had to be isolated before it could be put to work. Accordingly in 1905 the six objects of Rotary were segregated from the mass of business procedure, practice and precedent—a few priceless grains instinct with vitalizing power. These principles are active, radioactive, in the sense that they have brought about without any material intermediary a spirit of understanding and goodwill transcending all barriers of language, creed and custom, and surmounting all

national boundaries—a marvel as great as that of the transmission of words and music without wires. The spread of Rotary has been aided by the alacrity with which men were willing to adopt its principles. The quality which radium rays possess of exciting similar rays in every substance they touch finds its counterpart in Rotary, in that its principles spread by inducing like action in the minds of men. It is the function of the Rotarian to spread its principles in and through his craft, and it is here that Rotary is in the true sense "radioactive." By observing its social law, "He profits most who serves best," he is taking the surest means of spreading the doctrine amongst others.

Although so little of the precious mineral has been found, science tells us it is universally diffused through nature, in water as well as rock. Workmen have encountered it in digging tunnels and the liberated energy has made the heat intolerable. In a recent tour through countries in Europe I was impressed everywhere by the spirit of goodwill and kindly attitude of people in all stations. We have simply given a name to a principle of action already present in society. A Scot who was never tired of telling his English friend about the greatness of his countrymen, was reminded one day that Shakespeare, the greatest literary genius, was certainly not a Scotsman. "Aw, weel," answered the Scot, "Shakespeare was an Englishman as you say, but ye'll aye admit that he was guid enough to be a Scotsman!" There are millions of our fellows who are imbued with the spirit which we seek to inculcate in our club.

The elaborate care with which Radium must be handled, and the minute regard for intensity and exposure which must be exercised in the treatment of diseased tissue, suggests a discriminating use of the principles and precepts of Rotary, in order that any unfavorable reaction may be avoided. Long-established customs, for example, which may be recognized by a Rotarian as unethical, will more likely be overcome by concerted action through the craft or association than by individual assault. The almost priceless value of Radium, again, may illustrate how far a principle of conduct transcends in

worth all material accumulations. Its physical assets are not to be compared in essential value with those humane and social objects which Rotary embodies in its Constitution and seeks to promote.

Rotary has set the impress of its law upon the consciences of business men, and won almost universal recognition and esteem. The success of Rotary, however, is not due to any hitherto undiscovered principle of moral conduct, or to a new adventure in the realm of human friendship, but subsists rather in the reality which men in the conduct of their individual affairs have given to the principles enunciated by Rotary International. If this were not so, Rotary would have no moral mandate for the world. Its professions and its protestations would be as empty and aimless as the smoke that rises from smoldering embers, driven to and fro and dispersed by the passing wind. There can be no vindication of any policy, platform or principle save as it is exemplified in actual everyday practice. The greatest tribute we can pay to Rotary is to say that the spirit and law of its order has entered into the warp and woof of business and brought about a truer and worthier relationship between employer and employee, a more honorable attitude toward the competitor on the one hand and toward the customer on the other. The competitive plan upon which the whole structure of modern business is built implies a rivalry of contending interests. Such a system can only be humanized and preserved from moral deterioration by infusing into its multitudinous transactions a spirit of service, a law of equity, a principle of right.

ROTARY recognizes the inherent capacity of every man for friendship and for righteousness. Friendship implies helpfulness. The other day a teamster poked his head in at the door of one of our branch stations which lies in a depressed portion of the street. "I have a load of stone here, and I can't make the grade. Can you give me some help?" was the enquiry. We pretty soon had a big grey team hitched up in front of his wagon, and their united strength soon brought the load to the top of the hill. Here and there along life's high-

way any of us may meet fellow-travelers who find it hard to "make the grade." The difficulties of the road are too much for their unaided strength. It is the privilege of friendship to extend the helping hand, to speak the heartening word, to give the needed assistance. Then there is the obligation of righteousness. Ruskin tells us that this is but a more euphonic form of the older Saxon word "Rightness." Rightness in thought, motive and act should be the aim of every man. When James A. Garfield was at one time urged by his colleagues to take a questionable course of action in order to gain a high advantage for himself, he declared, "I'd sooner be *right* than be president." Every man whose moral sense has not been perverted knows clearly the difference between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, between knavery and rectitude. A Rotarian should in matters large or small take his stand unhesitatingly and unequivocally on the side of right. He owes that first of all to himself; he owes it also to his craft, to his community and to his country. We speak much of service in our so-called service clubs, but believe me when I say there is no service we can render comparable with that of being a true friend and a true man.

There is a phrase which appeals strongly to me—"Applied Rotary." Like applied art it means the conversion of the theory into actual performance. Here in imagination you see a great bridge, beautiful in its proportions, majestic in its strength, bearing upon its broad highway the traffic of a great metropolis. What an engineer knows about bridge-building might fill volumes, but what he *practically* understands and believes is embodied in the structure which he raises. All his knowledge of internal strain and external stress; his ideas of the expansion and contraction of steel and concrete; his convictions as to thrust and wind pressure, corrosion, vibration, and weight; his regard for permanence, stability, and cost; his theory of structure and proportion, his conception of utility combined with beauty—all are set forth visibly to the world and stand the test of public opinion and public use in the noble structure which spans the river or ravine. So we may say that what a man talks about Rotary, or writes about Rotary, or thinks about Rotary is of little consequence compared to the expression which he gives to Rotary ideal and principle in the conduct of his business. All that he believes about Rotary crystallized and concrete in the kind of an enterprise he carries on.

Let each one of us inquire what interpretation he is actually giving to Rotary. Some years ago one of our prominent magazines decided to try the

experiment of doing away with illustrations, which were then more costly and difficult to procure, and put increased value into the reading matter. The first issue in which the change appeared fell decidedly flat; people did not want a magazine which failed to appeal to the eye. So you must give to Rotary some enlivening and illuminating action. Do something picturesque. Surprise your employees by a scheme for their betterment; rouse your competitor to a new appreciation of your spirit by a friendly attitude and approach; attract your customers by a policy which recognizes their right to the best you are capable of giving in value and in service. Then you will have become in the true sense "radio-active" in your various business relationships, and will assuredly give to the name of Rotary a meaning beyond the mere praise of words.

Last week one of our members when speaking on his classification showed us in a diagrammatic way the process used in the refining of crude oil. He told us how it passes from the still to the condenser, from the refrigerator to the reducer, from the agitator to the bleacher, and at last to the filter. But you cannot refine a man in his feelings, outlook and life by putting him through a mechanical process of that kind. He must pass through gradations of knowledge and experience in the great testing alembic of life. Rotary aids him in that process. It supplies the motive and to some extent the means for its attainment. It enlarges the man by showing his relation to all other men, and brings him to that frame of mind which Milton attributes to one of his characters—

*His joy enlarged his shape,
And with his lifted mind he taller grew.*

OBLIGATIONS TO THE BUSINESS PUBLIC

By Ford L. Samuel

SURELY Paul Harris and his little coterie of friends never realized the great future in store for Rotary when they met for the first time around the luncheon table in Chicago back in 1905. Their idea, undoubtedly, was chiefly local in its inception, intended to supply a long-felt want in the daily routine of business, something that would help mitigate the loneliness of a great city, enlarge their circle of acquaintances, and at the same time inculcate a certain spirit that would make better business men of them all. Little did they realize that the ideals

that formed the foundation of their organization were so strong, so human, so appealing that in the short space of twenty-one years Rotary would extend to over 2,200 cities embracing thirty-six countries of the world, with a membership of 120,000.

There is a reason for this remarkable success—for this spontaneous growth, and I think a quotation from the words of Woodrow Wilson will go far toward explaining it.

"I have not read history," he said, "without observing that the greatest forces in the world, and the only permanent forces, are the moral forces."

Rotary is a permanent institution because it tends toward the moral uplift of the individual, the community, the nation, and the world. The greatest of our ideals, Service, is in itself the antithesis of immorality, for the foundation of Service is unselfishness, and the background of immorality is selfishness. Immorality invariably is inspired by the desire on the part of a person to obtain something that does not rightfully belong to him. When service is our motto, we are unconsciously practicing the Golden Rule and bringing to ourselves a feeling of satisfaction that we would not have should our transactions be tinged in the slightest degree with injustice or dishonesty.

Rotary thus brings this spirit of unselfishness directly into the business world. It teaches that the old slogan, "business is business" is not moral; it teaches that the man who says, "I am not in business for my health" means that he is not in business for his moral health, and Rotary is an enemy of every business of that kind. On the other hand it teaches that business should be regarded as an opportunity for serving and obtaining legitimate profit by means of service. Therein lies the full meaning and significance of the slogan, "He profits most, who serves best."

In promulgating its ideals Rotary has placed its dependence upon the most dependable attribute of man—friendship. Doubts and suspicions disappear when friendship enters.

*An artist might paint you a picture fair,
That would equal the greatest known;
But the heart of a friend, to do and to dare,
To save you from sorrow and trial and care,
Is something an artist, paint he ever so rare,
Has never on canvas shown.*

Our very method of meeting encourages friendship, for the idea of those who are not friends meeting with their feet under the same table week after week, looking into each other's eyes, exchanging hopes and confidences and breaking bread with one another is beyond reason. Men *must* be friends to do this, and therein lies the reason why so much stress is laid upon attend-

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AMONG OUR LETTERS



An Open Letter to American Rotarians

DEAR FELLOW-ROTARIANS:

SOME of us who cannot go a-traveling often wonder to ourselves what an American Rotary Club is really like, and whether the average American Rotarian feels about Rotary much the same way as we do. We read THE ROTARIAN, and the reports of International conventions, and we listen to our own folks who have visited you in your clubs, but that isn't quite the same thing as seeing for ourselves. After all, looked at in one way, the international magazine, good as it is, differs little in character from our own "Rotary Wheel," a kind of Americanized version, so to speak. There is no essential clue to you in it. Then we sometimes read the strangest things in the Convention Proceedings about your doings there—at least they seem strange to us—and the fellows who come back from your hospitable shores relate the most amusing tales of their adventures among you. But when all is said and done, we cannot honestly lay our hands on our hearts and say we know you, and are quite sure what attitude you will adopt to this or that matter, or what you will do next. We read with bewilderment of your wonderful attendance records, and we wonder how on earth you do it; we hear of the amazing headquarters and district machinery you have created, and the extraordinary amount of time so many men seem able to devote to administrative and executive work in Rotary, and, still grimly hanging on with one hand to that sense of proportion, whilst we remind ourselves that America is a big country—we still wonder.

We wonder, for example, what part Rotary does actually play in the life of the American business man? What is the extent of its influence? Where does it fit into the scheme of things? How does it compare with all the other "uplift" associations (for want of a better term), such as Kiwanis and the like? Do they all stand for different things as well as the same thing, and if so, what is the order of batting? That was a mistake, for you do not play cricket.

Letters discussing questions of special interest to Rotarians are invited by the Editors and as many as possible will be printed each month. Since these letters represent the personal opinions of the writers, the Editors and Publishers are not responsible for statements made.

In other words, who comes first? We wonder, too, just how far you have got with the leavening of the lump. We are great believers in this country in the leavening influence of Rotary; we wonder if you are too, or if you believe we must seek salvation through executive action. Above all we wonder what you are really doing about the Sixth Object, and if between us we can actually make it effective. It is useless for you to point to the masses of literature you have compiled, to the codes and programs you have "put over." They don't mean very much to us, for we don't think in those terms at all. But we do realize that they must mean a good deal to you, and so we wonder in what measure they are bearing fruit.

There is no doubt whatsoever that the fundamentally important thing is that we should examine every means in our power whereby we may learn to understand much more about each other than we do at present. A proper understanding between the business men of our two nations should make unpleasantness about war debts and tariff walls quite impossible. That makes pertinent our question about the place of Rotary in the life of the American business man.

A golden opportunity of cultivating the Fourth Object (without which we are as nought) is presented by the Ostend Convention. We have read of your Rotary fleet of six Cunarders and your minimum of four thousand delegates. We have read, too, of your post-convention tours, and we have admired the way in which the whole thing is being organized to the last button. We now beg of you to make one of these tours,

and if possible one that includes provincial England, for you will learn more about us if you visit us in our homes than in London, the world's metropolis. Particularly we invite you to Halifax in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It is a small industrial town, where we make heavy woollen goods, carpets, machine tools, cash tills, and toffee, but for all that we think you will find yourself nearer to the heart and mind of the West Riding if you visit us, than if you go to Leeds, which is big and cosmopolitan, Bradford, where they may try to pull the wool over your eyes, or Sheffield, which is nearly in Derbyshire.

We cannot, of course, compete with you in hospitality, for that is an art you have made peculiarly your own; we shall not let you sing as you do in your home club—we are not quite educated up to it yet, and you will not find an attendance of a hundred per cent. But you will find a hearty Yorkshire welcome, you will find our Yorkshire dialect just as amusing to hear as your Yankee will be to us, and we think you will be glad you came. We shan't make a great fuss of you, we don't do that in the West Riding, but we are going to leave every date in June after Ostend open for you, and if you will come along, we will be honored to have an address from you. If you don't, we have enough budding orators in the club to carry us through the month. That is a concrete proposition we put, and if this letter catches the eye of anyone who cares to take it up, let him get out his Official Directory, 1926-27, and study page 241. He will find all he needs there, and the secretary will await his letter with interest.

Understanding, gentlemen! The top, bottom, sides, and middle of all true Rotary effort. Come and meet us in our own homes. Come to Halifax and let us get to know each other. When we do, be very sure the heaven will work.

Yours in Rotary,

FRANK HOLLOWAY,
Associate Editor, "The Spokesman,"
6, Turney St., Kent, England.

With the Poets

To-Day

By ISLA PASCHAL RICHARDSON

TOMORROW'S paths we cannot trace nor
see,

Though crowded with expectant mystery,
We cannot claim one hour Tomorrow holds,
But we must wait until its day unfolds.

And Yesterday, whose tender memory clings
In cruel sweetness to our bruised heart-
strings,

Has gone forever—for no mortal power
Can bring us back one loved or bitter hour.

And so—we only have Today to live.
God help us find the joy its moments give,
To sow and gather flowers along the way—
And live as Thou wouldst have us live,
Today!

Ignorance

By MAURICE MARKS

MY neighbor Jones is mighty nice,
He's always ready with advice,
It matters not what I commence,
Bill Jones will lean against the fence

And tell me, confidentially,
A lot of things I fail to see;
"Now those tomatoes," he will say,
"Should really run the other way,

They want more sun to make 'em grow;
Your beets and peas is crowded so
Replanting's what they really needs
Or you will have a crop of weeds."

When I got out my plane and saw
To brace the fence and cellar door
Bill came to superintend the work,
And I will say he didn't shirk:

"Don't take a chanst with lumber light,"
Says he, "it never holds up right";
And he was sore, I understand,
Because I used the stuff on hand.

Bill, he has such a helping way,
When I went out to pitch my hay
He came, and smiled, and told me how
To get it easy in the mow.

It's funny how my crops all grow,
My fence stays up, although I know
I ain't got half the brains of Jones,
Still, his whole place is full of stones

And he don't seem to have much crop—
His doors all squeak, his fences flop;
It's funny, too, without his sense,
How my place thrives on ignorance.

Pot-of-Gold

By ANNIE MARIA

THE winds had folded sails and gone to
sleep;

The grateful rain as tears fell soft; the sun
Had torn a window in the clouds and won
His way; then, lo, I saw a rainbow leap
Across the west, with treasure buried deep—
No doubt—beneath those colors all joy-spun
From rain and mist; and so was now begun
My searching for the prize, whose gilded
heap

I ever hoped to find among the red,
Red rays. And then one day I saw a small
And tired child, who cried with bleeding
head;

My quest forgot at last, I gently bound
Her brow, and kissed away the tears—and
found

My pot-of-gold beneath her faded shawl.

Friendship

By DUGALD MacDOUGALL

I CARE not much for fortune, less for
fame,

Just let me have a friend who understands
The queernesses, the blunderings, the blame
That are a part of me, to hold my hands
And speed swift waves of sympathy that
soothes

My throbbing heart when troubles unforeseen
Beset my footsteps like some ugly truths
Gone screaming wild because they are un-
clean;

With such a friend, my life would be a dream,
With such a friend, my smiles would drink
my tears,

With such a friend would friendship be
supreme

And calmed my storm, unfathomed sea of
fears.

Not fame nor fortune, but I stretch my hands
For one lone loving friend who understands.

Eyesight

By MAUD LUISE GARDINER

THE looking glass of life
Gives back to us,

The thing we think we see.
So may we live, that the
Reflection be of crystal;
Of black magic free.

So may we live, that hovering
On tomorrow's brink

We lose the cares that be.
Finding new courage in hope,
In what we think we see.

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

John Martin—Lord High Chancellor of Make-Believe

By Edson Rich

THE foolish rhyme kept jumping around in my head no matter where I was. Just then it happened to be in a great department store:

"Yum, yum," snozed he, "'Tis a noogish night,
And the sky has a bumptious moon,
I'll sit me down with a well got sit
And tump me a tum— . . ."

—when almost right beside me a loud voice said, "And now, boys and girls, who has a song for Uncle Eddie?" Ah ha, thought I, maybe it'll be something like the woozy Goo. I'll stay.

Around the corner was an inclosure something like a small theater. On a platform, all hung with forest leaves and branches, was a piano—and Uncle Eddie. Uncle Eddie wore a suit like a rabbit and a gold-tinted smile—the sort of smile you see when it's on a stage. I didn't mind that so much as I did a little girl in a red silk dress and ultra-curved hair who walked onto the platform in a manner accustomed and to Uncle Eddie's hit-and-miss accompaniment sang this:

*I've combed my hair, I've brushed my hat,
I've even washed my dog and cat
Tonight smy night with bay-bee
The unyuns tha-at I like so much
For wee-eks I haven't dared to touch
Tonight smy night . . .*

"with bay-bee," followed after me as I made off.

Great heavens, thought I, or words to that effect, Uncle Eddie's interpretation doesn't even do much for very good jazz. But anyway,—well, it seems to me that something's out of place here. And chanting,

He whacked that Goo with his lumpy tail

*With the might of an ambish dool;
He spludged him up and he slooged him down
In the wet of the dolesome pool.*

—and to take the taste out of my mouth, as it were, I escaped. It seemed to me that if children—very young children—just had an ounce of a chance they'd always pick out things like those in John Martin's Book. It set me to wondering what John Martin would say so I went to ask her.

Of course, John Martin was a woman—the John just a part of the way women have nowadays. Men, you know, aren't likely to make up stories for children. However, I found her to be a sure-enough man—and looking very much like this picture you see here; in fact, just as he says it himself: "Middle-aged with glasses and none too much hair on the top of my head. That means I'm no Apollo!" The kind of a fellow who belongs to Rotary, the Vaudeville club, and the Players club. And, if you must know more about him, his history reads like a Diamond Dick series. His name isn't even John Martin. It's Morgan Shepherd. He borrowed the other name from a



Although Morgan Shepherd is his real name he is listed in the roster of the Rotary Club of New York City as "John Martin" and by that name he is known to thousands of children. Because he has refused to grow up entirely, he holds the interest of his child readers—and is envied by many a parent

bird by that name that he once knew—he and his brothers and sisters, a long time ago, when they were all youngsters playing together. Then when he was sixteen he started on his own somewhere in South America; there he had his first love affair and recovery; took the underdog's side in a Central American revolution; made speeches from soap-boxes in California; punched cattle, herded sheep, worked in mines, oiled engines; surveyed, got fired as a street-car conductor for giving children free rides; worked in harvest fields, bossed Chinamen, was a reporter, bank clerk, book-dealer; went to Europe, came back; opened a bookshop in San Francisco, was in the fire, got hurt; went to New York, had an operation as a result of his earthquake injuries, was in the hospital for months, and there—he became John Martin.

At first, it was the friendly daily letters that he sent out to children in Orange, New Jersey. These letters became so popular that inside of two years he was sending out 2,000 every month. Now it is "John Martin's" (Continued on page 58)



When John Martin visits a sick child he always produces a pencil and a pad of paper. The child is asked to draw, and John jiggles the child's elbow so that weird curves appear. Starting from these odd lines, as shown above, John then draws such strange creatures as The Dule. Many a ward and cot in children's hospitals have been brightened by John Martin's wholesome spirit of play.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Eternal Brevities

BREVITY has been defined as the soul of wit—but is it necessarily the soul of sense? The enquiry gains strength from recent reports of such requests as these: "Please talk for twenty minutes on human relations in industry." "Give us 500 words on the English coal situation." "Where can I get a good brief review of the tariff problem?" "Can you give us a vocational talk in three minutes?"

Harassed city editors occasionally remind cub reporters that "the whole story of the creation was done in 400 words." It was—and for 2,000 years innumerable volumes have been written in the effort to fill in what was left out of the original account!

Some things cannot be treated adequately in a cablegram, and the eternal demand for the quick and easy thing implies a lack of evaluation. Scanning the headlines and the comic strips may give one some idea of the day's news, but is the idea worth while?

The plain fact is that the road to knowledge is long as well as rough—and those who lack the power of sustained effort will never learn much. No man can hope to learn all there is to know about everything—and neither can he hope to know much of anything by nibbling. You cannot be graduated from a university by learning its football yells.

Sufficient time is needed to master anything worth while. If a man's message is worth having give him a chance to deliver it; if not, don't encourage him.

Home Products

IN CHICAGO recently there was held a conference of over 500 men who are interested in boys. Many Rotarians were among those present. So were members of many other service-club organizations, and of fraternal organizations, and of boys' welfare organizations. Business men and professional workers for boys sat together in conference for three days. The printed proceedings of what was said will indicate much progress toward a better understanding and a closer co-operation among all who are concerned in making good citizens out of the American boys of today. Among the conclusions was one to the effect that if all American homes were what they should be, there would be little need for organized work for and among the boys. There is a boy problem because men and women have failed to meet their responsibilities as fathers and mothers. Boys are products of homes. In this case home products may be said to be best, provided they come from good homes. If the boy problem is to be met and handled it must be done in the homes of America. Will the fathers and mothers of America meet their problem?

The Mark of Greatness

AS the anniversary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee draws near, we are again reminded of the sterling manhood and surpassing ability of one of the great figures of American history. It is about the man we would write and not the soldier, although much of his personal history is lost in the history of the great crisis in American history.

We might all consecrate ourselves anew with those principles of unselfish service that General Lee so well typified. It is said that when he surrendered at Appomattox, he was without funds and a means of livelihood. Offered the presidency of a great insurance company at \$15,000 a year, with the opportunity "to travel in Europe and rest from his duties on the field" he replied: "All I have is my name, and it is not for sale." A rich admirer offered him a home and a liberal pension. That he also declined.

Then he was offered the presidency of Washington University at Lexington (now Washington and Lee), with a salary of \$1,500 a year. Zealous friends urged him to decline the offer. "If you are going into school work," they said, "we will get you a good place in a bigger school." But he accepted the post, replying, "It is not the place that makes a work great."

The small struggling college later offered him an increase in salary. This he refused, saying "I cannot accept more than a mere living. My people are poor; they are demoralized by the war. I am trying to point out the way to them. I cannot lead them in one way while going a different way myself."

Honored and respected by both friend and foe, loyal to his people, steadfast in his duty as he saw it, virtuous in private life, General Lee lived "service above self" in its finest sense.

Apologies to the Cannery!

IN the December issue of this magazine appeared an editorial, "The Delicatessen Complex," written by one of our staff writers, which has given offense to those engaged in the canning industry. We had no intention of casting any reflection upon this industry which is, we feel sure, conducted on the whole by men of integrity and highest ethical concepts of their opportunity to render a worthy service to the public.

Seems Like Everybody is Going

THE reservations for steamship accommodations from America to Ostend for the Rotary Convention next June have been so numerous that the Transportation Committee announces the addition of a seventh ship to the Rotary fleet. Onward we sail!

ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—Midsummer Night's Dream.

More Than 200 At Employer-Employee Banquet

MITCHELL, IND.—One hundred and eighty-eight employees, sixty of them working girls, and fifty-five employers were entertained by Mitchell Rotary at the greatest community banquet given in this industrial town. As the chief speaker, the Hon. Frederick E. Schortheimer, Secretary of State for Indiana, declared: "We go up or down together" and Mitchell Rotary feels that in furthering cooperation between employer and employee the Rotary club probably accomplished its best work.

Soap, Towels and Bag of Corn Flour

PEKING, CHINA. — Each Christmas, the Rotarians of Peking entertain some 200 beggar children. With the assistance of the Salvation Army these youngsters are brought to the Y. M. C. A. building where they are given a hearty meal and each one is presented with soap, towel, and a bag of corn flour.

Another recent activity of this club was an inter-city meet with Rotarians of Tientsin. The train trip between the two cities takes about three hours. It is thought that other Chinese clubs will hold similar meetings before long.

Another Explorer Made Honorary Member

OSLO, NORWAY.—In October, Captain Roald Amundsen of trans-polar flight fame accepted honorary membership in Oslo Rotary. The banquet was attended by 57 Rotarians and their ladies. President Johan Basberg gave the address of welcome to the explorer, who responded by affirming his belief in the soundness of Rotary principles. It will be recalled that the lat-

est accomplishment of Captain Amundsen was the polar flight in the airship "Norge," the Norwegian being accompanied by an American and an Italian.

A few weeks later on the other side of the Atlantic 1,500 Rotarians and guests assembled in Chicago to celebrate the achievement of another polar flight hero, Commander Richard E. Byrd, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Winchester, Virginia. Commander Byrd, who carried a Rotary flag with him on the first flight over the North Pole, gave an interesting illustrated talk in which pictures of the "Norge" were also shown.

First "Farmers Night" Rouses Enthusiasm

WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.—Among the most recent of Rotary clubs to test out the rural-urban acquaintance plan is this of Westminster. Since this town is largely dependent on the trade of the surrounding territory it was not hard for the Rotarians to get in touch with farmer friends. Each member submitted his choice to the entertainment committee who took care of duplications. All were so pleased with the "farmers night" that it was resolved to make it an annual event.

Provide One Cottage For Model Village

SHANGHAI, CHINA.—The Rotary Club of Shanghai gave one of the sixty cottages which will be included in the model village to be located in the factory district of Pootung. Chinese laborers will inhabit this village which is being built by the Y. M. C. A. Besides the cottages there will be a children's playground and a social center. A baby clinic and a day nursery will be conducted by the Y. M. C. A. as well as day and evening classes for the laborers and their families.

Rural-Urban Program Promises Good Results

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—About three years ago a capitalist bought several thousand acres of land in this vicinity, cut it up into small tracts and began selling to tenant farmers. Due to friction between the County Commissioner's Court and this little community over the matter of good roads, the farmers have built their own community stores and declined to trade in Corpus Christi. The Rural Acquaintance committee of the local Ro-



Photo: Underwood & Underwood.

This monument, erected by Rotarians of Lima, Peru, is an object lesson for speeders. "Slowly you go far" is the inscription, and the picture has been used in many North American newspapers to give force to "careful driving" campaigns. The Rotary Club of Lima, Peru, has been promoting a "safety first" campaign for both motorists and pedestrians.



Three years of work and the expenditure of \$3,500 culminated in the formal opening of this bathing-beach at Lethbridge, Alberta. The beach and playground apparatus were secured through public interest in the various minstrel shows, dances, etc., organized by local Rotarians to swell their community fund. Some of the youngsters could not wait till all the speech-making was over before splashing in. After the unveiling of a memorial tablet by the mayor, and the hoisting of the Union Jack, the rest of the afternoon was given over to aquatic sports.

tary club made several trips to the farming community—but their reception was chilly. After much persuasion they induced leading farmers and business men to meet at a Rotary lunch. Some thirty farmers came to the lunch, were agreeably surprised because they were not asked to spend money in the town or to close their community stores. Much better relations between town and country are expected to result from this effort for friendship.

Give Annual Banquet For Teachers

NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS.—Among other activities of the local Rotary club is the annual banquet in honor of the teachers of the State Teachers' College and of the public schools. The Rotary Anns attend this function, and this year the total attendance was more than 200. Both the business men and the educators have come to look forward to this function, and the good effect on both schools and homes are already evident. Music was furnished by the club orchestra which includes five bona-fide members and has entertained weekly since the club was organized in 1921.

"Daughter's Day" Is Popular Event

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO.—At the semi-annual Daughter's Day celebration of the local Rotary club a young lady was responding to the address of

welcome. She said that daughters were always anxious to go out with their fathers, to see just how they behaved when out in company. She said that a daughter is the easiest thing in the world to spend money on, since there is no limit to the things she wants or can use. Fathers nodded assent—and none hinted that their impeccable conduct that day was the exception rather than the rule. Even the Rotarians at the "slackers" table cheerfully contributed a big box of candy to one young lady who recited that day.

A census showed that 33 Grand Junction Rotarians have daughters, and nine of them have two. No local Rotarian could claim the prize offered for fathers of three daughters, but six members had daughters-in-law; and more are hopeful! One speaker claimed that the Seventh Rotary District was the first to put its girls work on the same footing as its boys work.

North Bay Clubs Hold Oratorical Contest

SAN ANSELMO, CALIFORNIA.—The mellifluous phrase, the arresting gesture, the ringing cadence, these were the things that drew Rotarians of San Anselmo, San Rafael, and Mill Valley to Vallejo recently. The annual oratorical contest of the North Bay clubs was attended by some 200 Rotarians; and a local high-school band took care

of such intervals as the speakers left. Vallejo carried off the cup again this year.

Californian clubs are also actively interested in the crippled children survey. It is hoped to make crippled children's work a state activity and legislation to that end is expected by 1928. The present need seems to be for convalescent homes as adjuncts to the hospitals.

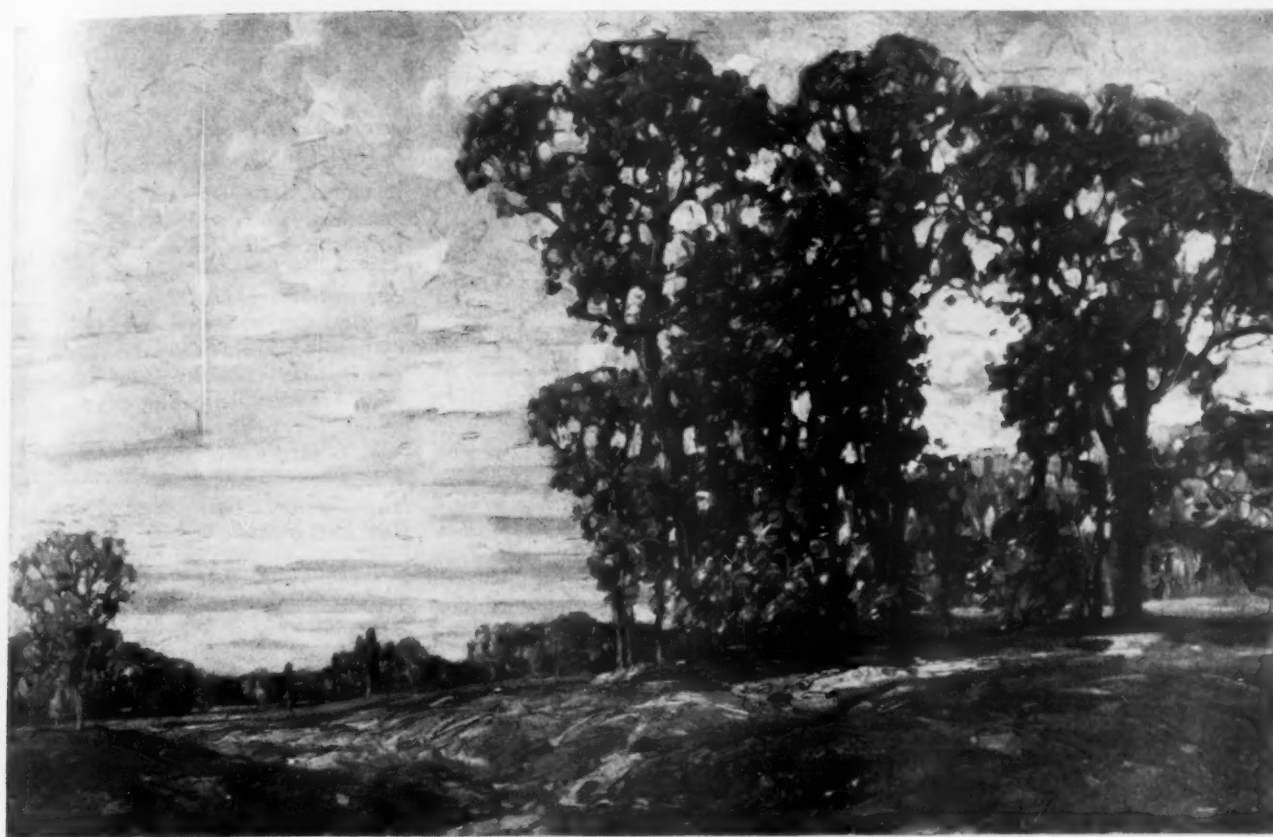
\$8,500 For Local Charities

CHELTEMHAM, ENGLAND.—Cheques totalling around \$8,500 were handed to the representatives of three local charities by the president of Cheltenham Rotary recently. The club has also been interested in local history, as shown by old houses; in the psychology underlying industrial peace; in the history of shop-building; and a variety of other matters illustrated by speakers at recent meetings.

Social Work Interests Japanese

TOKYO, JAPAN.—The Tokyo Rotarians are interesting themselves in social work, both as a club and as individuals. In Japan the government, the municipalities, and the newspapers carry on various sociological projects in a scientific manner. The club finds that it can further the work of these agencies. Through the community service committee the club is helping

(Continued on page 38)



Reproduction from a painting made on the Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Long Island, New York, by Frank Swift Chase

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Do any of your trees look sick? Are they dying back at the top? Are there numerous small dead branches? Are the leaves yellowish and sickly look-

ing? Is the foliage sparse? Such a tree is far gone and in desperate need of quick action. Don't wait until they look that bad.

If a tree is starving, it will show it by shorter annual twig growth. Last year's growth is less than the year before. The growth of the year before is less than that of the preceding year, and so on. A tree either grows or it dies. When it ceases to grow, the end has come.

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(Continued from page 36)

an orphan asylum; and various club members are working on individual projects. For example, Dr. Kinoshita devotes his spare time to caring for mothers and children in his own charity lying-in hospital; and Rotarian Okura is contemplating founding a library for the spiritual education of the public. With this idea in mind Rotarian Okura is now traveling abroad, studying the various systems in vogue elsewhere.

Club Entertains Teachers, Pioneers

MISSOULA, MONTANA.—There were three outstanding meetings of the local Rotary club during the fall. First was the teachers' dance given for the faculty members of the public schools; then came a smoker to which were invited men teachers of the public schools and of the University; and thirdly, the celebration of Pioneer Day attended by many early settlers of Montana who were addressed by the Hon. Dave Hilger, secretary of the State Society.

Relieve Dependence On One Product

DYERSBURG, TENNESSEE.—To help the campaign for diversified farming the Dyersburg Rotarians are lending active support to a movement for stock-farming. Registered hogs are placed in the care of neighborhood boys and each boy has a Rotarian sponsor who takes the registration papers to the lad and helps him to make a success of the Pig Club work. The county agent, who is a Rotarian, is the leading spirit of the movement.

"O Wad Some Power the Giftie Gie Us—"

EASTBOURNE, ENGLAND.—"Ourselves as others see us" might have been the title for five addresses given at a recent meeting of Eastbourne Rotary. The speakers responded to the demand for short addresses concerning other men's classifications, and the result was very interesting. A schoolmaster led off with some views on the doctor; then a solicitor dealt with the auctioneer; next came a minister to talk of the book-seller; another minister to discuss the draper; and finally a bank manager to describe the stationer.

Schools Concert Feature of Boys Week

BUXTON, ENGLAND.—Some innovations in the program for a Rotary Boys' Week were made at Buxton recently. Among the features which might appeal to other clubs were a schools' concert in which every item on the pro-

gram was contributed by school boys; another was a soccer match between boys chosen by the Manchester Rotarians and a team chosen by Buxton Rotarians won by the northern team, 5-2.

Manchester and Buxton Rotarians later met again at a special luncheon when the Manchester men were thanked for their support at the ball given on behalf of Buxton Cottage Hospital. It is hoped that the hospital will benefit to the extent of about \$500.

Hold Parade Before Charter Meeting

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—Led by the boys band of Hamburg, a protégé of Hamburg Rotary, a parade of one hundred fifty Rotarians from various towns came through the streets of Lykens, where Club No. 2424 was to receive its charter that November day. The new club was organized through the efforts of Harrisburg Rotarians, nearly 100 of whom were present. Among those present at the charter meeting were District Governor Howard W. Witmer of Lancaster; and Past District Governors Ralph Cum-

mings of Lancaster, Howard C. Fry, and George F. Lumb of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Entertain Boys and Girls Of Calf Club

AUBURN, ILL.—On Dec. 4th the local Rotarians joined with the members of the Business Men's Association to give a luncheon for boys and girls of the Auburn-Glenarm Calf Club. The young stock-raisers, who were holding an exhibition of their animals that day, heard short talks by leaders of the senior organizations, received congratulations for prizes earned, encouragement to earn more.

Hear Reports On Boy Emigrants

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—At a recent meeting of Glasgow Rotary the secretary read reports regarding the progress of lads who emigrated to Western Australia under the Fairbridge Farm scheme. The club has enabled several lads to emigrate, one group of emigrants now is occupying a Rotary cottage and it is intimated that there will soon be room for four more boys. By this and similar schemes the boys are sent to the Dominions where there is a greater need for agricultural labor than in Great Britain.

Entertain Scouts From All the County

LAKEPORT, CALIFORNIA.—Every Boy Scout in Lake County received an invitation to the big Scout banquet held by Lakeport Rotary. In addition to the Rotarians from three towns who are members of this club, and the 100 boys, fifteen members of Scout Troop committees attended the gathering at Kelseyville. Lakeport Rotary is doing everything possible to aid Scouting in the county. Several Rotarians are officers of the troop committees, one is County Scout Commissioner, and the club secretary is a Scoutmaster.

Build Log Cabin For Boys' Use

KENMORE, N. Y.—The town park at Tonawanda recently gained a bit of pioneer architecture when Kenmore Rotarians completed their project of a log cabin for the use of Scouts and other boys. The scheme was proposed in 1925 and began to take definite form when a local power company offered to furnish logs and a member of the town board promised the necessary equipment to haul the timber to Two-Mile Creek. First it was planned to have the Rotarians indulge in an old-fashioned "bee" but when it was found that some of the logs were two feet in

Important Meeting in Cincinnati

"NATIONAL Programs" will be the general theme of the Sixth Annual Convention of the International Society for Crippled Children which will be held at the Hotel Sinton, Cincinnati, Ohio, on February 16-17th. Herbert Hoover is expected to be among those who will direct attention to various phases of work for crippled children. The convention program calls for four general assemblies, a banquet session, a business session, and sundry round-table discussions. There will be a complete display of wheel chairs and other apparatus at the hotel. A five-dollar registration fee is to cover the cost of two luncheons, one dinner, and other incidental expense. Those who wish to attend are advised to make reservations early. Information can be secured from Harry H. Howett, secretary, International Society for Crippled Children, Elyria, Ohio.

meter the club started scouting for an honest-to-goodness cabin-builder. Finally the builder was found, and with his three assistants he went to work on foundations put in by a Rotarian—but ran out of logs. Then the Rotarians bought more logs from a farmer. Another Rotarian furnished more transportation and the swamp logs were hauled to the scene of action. Any real cabin should have an open fireplace thought the Rotarians—and another hunt commenced. In Buffalo they found a man who had learned to build such things in England, and still another Rotarian furnished materials. Now a seven-foot fireplace, complete with a swinging crane, a mantel and hooks for trophies is in use. Other donations of cabin equipment followed, furniture, a phonograph, first-aid kit. Electric wiring is promised as soon as a feed wire is run sufficiently close to the cabin. At the chowder supper which marked the formal opening, ninety Scouts heard talks by their leaders, by business men.

Men From Ten Cities Enjoy Duck Dinner

BURLINGTON, IOWA.—The annual inter-city Rotary meeting brought delegations from ten cities—a total attendance of 265—to feast on wild duck and all the trimmings. The more serious part of the program was handled by the Rev. Frank Smith of Omaha and other speakers, including two district governors. Music was provided by an orchestra, three club quartets, a ladies' quartet, the Rotary Midget Band of Fort Madison, and individual contributions. Various stunts helped to speed the fleeting hours.

Pleasant Voice Said To Indicate Virtue

WEST BROMWICH, ENGLAND.—Speaking before the local Rotarians, Dr. Selwyn Edwards gave a fascinating address on "The Human Voice." He finished up on a very fine note submitting that the quality of a man's voice improved as he developed in goodness, and that, the voice being governed largely by the emotions, it followed that the more spiritual and highly developed a man was ethically, the quality of the voice improved in ratio. Rotary song-leaders, please note!

Poor Relief In Peru

AREQUIPA, PERU.—The Rotarians of this city are seeking the cooperation of civil authorities, of institutional directors, and of the general public in an effort to establish homes for poor children and for aged invalids. It is planned that these homes shall be maintained by the nation just as are the public schools.



18th Annual Rotary Convention Ostend Post Convention Tours

Thos. Cook & Son, the Dean of World Travel Leaders, the largest travel organization on the globe—with a hundred branch offices in Europe alone—have prepared for Rotarians *suitable travel suggestions* covering England, Scotland, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary.

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Cause and Effect

(Continued from page 19)

leadership of the new officers. They are:

President, Benjamin F. Jones, Newark, New Jersey (Lions International).

First Vice-President, William E. Hall, New York City (Boys Club Federation).

Second Vice-President, Brother Barnabas, New Haven, Connecticut (Knights of Columbus).

Third Vice-President, Rowland C. Sheldon, New York City (Big Brother and Big Sister Federation).

Fourth Vice-President, Eugene M. Foster, Springfield, Massachusetts (Y. M. C. A. College).

Secretary, William Lewis Butcher, New York City.

Treasurer, Mahlon S. Drake, Jr., Newark, New Jersey.

Something more than discussion, it seems, may result from this third conference. It was suggested first, that the conference should appoint a commission to study the boy problem and the organizations which can reach the youth who shows criminal tendencies; second,

that the service clubs should work out a joint program of boys work. These suggestions have not yet taken concrete form but may possibly do so ere long.

For that composite boy whom we imagined as keeping an alert eye on these proceedings, that boy of the freckled nose and tousled hair, that boy who has inspired so much talking and writing, there is the status of an object of scientific research. But there is also the recognition as an important unit in family affairs whose welfare depends directly not on his own acts alone but on those of the rest of the family, his city, his nation, and the things which link up nations. Boys are boys the world over—and they run truer to form than do their elders. In the world's affairs the boy must be reckoned as both cause and effect.

Agriculture and the Country Paper

(Continued from page 26)

nificant part in community development.

Historically the movement began in the first Cleveland campaign when many newspapers threw off the ties of political parties. As years went by, the drift away from partisanship became stronger. Less concerned with national questions, editors turned to local problems and discovered that in their own community lay their greatest field for usefulness.

In the last ten years the idea of the editor as a community builder has gathered force. It is likely that the men who will some day write the history of this period of journalism will find that its greatest contribution was the development of the policy of community service. In an article on present-day tendencies in journalism *The Christian Science Monitor* said: "It is becoming increasingly apparent that those who make American papers are awakening to the fact that solid and substantial journalistic edifices are not to be builded upon any other foundation than useful service to the community."

For many years state press associations have offered prizes for the best editorial, the best news story, or the best made-up front page. In the last two or three years a new prize has become the one that is most coveted.

It goes to the newspaper that is adjudged to have done the most for its community. The largest of the national press associations, the National Editorial Association, for the last two years has awarded a prize to the newspaper, which among all the papers in the United States has performed the most outstanding service for its community. Last year the first prize was awarded to *The Quakertown (Penn.) Free Press*. For three years, Charles M. Meredith, editor and owner of *The Free Press*, by the use of clever adaptations of Aesop's Fables, carried on a campaign for sewers. At last the project carried when a bond issue of \$350,000 was voted.

California can boast of one notable example of newspaper service to agriculture.

In the early 80's the *San Francisco Chronicle* was engaged in the work of stimulating the orchard and vineyard industries of California. In this connection the paper had made a study of the difficulties that confronted the man who attempted to engage in the culture of citrus fruits and grapes. In common with everyone who gave the matter any attention, it recognized that if the science of meteorology could be developed to the stage that would permit forecasts to be made a sufficient

time in advance to allow warnings to be sent to producers, much might be done to minimize the hazards of the horticultural industries.

In 1887 what is now known as the Weather Bureau was a corps of the United States Army, called the Signal Service. Its chief function at that time consisted in warning the mariner of approaching storms. Colonel, then Lieutenant, W. A. Glassford was in charge of the Signal Service in San Francisco. He was enthusiastically in favor of expanding his work to include a weather report for the farmer. The appropriations for the Signal Service, however, were so small that it was impossible for him to do this. The *Chronicle* stepped in and at its own cost erected more than one hundred bulletin boards in various sections of the fruit-growing region and arranged for daily displays on these bulletin boards of the predictions of the chief signal officer in San Francisco. Local interest in the dissemination of these weather reports was so great that steps were taken promptly to utilize the information. By various devices such as the raising of flags, blowing of whistles, etc., the countryside was quickly acquainted with impending changes. The demonstration was a thorough success. It was continued three months at considerable cost to Mr. de Young. Soon Congress was being bombarded by the horticultural interests of California to maintain the service permanently, which was finally done and today some two hundred observing stations send telegraphic reports to the central office of the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture and this Bureau in turn flashes its forecasts to all parts of the country.

THE cotton production in Dougherty county, Georgia, fell from a normal crop of 20,000 bales to 5,000 bales in 1923 because of the ravages of the boll weevil. Farmers were in hard straits and thoroughly disheartened. John A. Davis, editor of *The Albany Herald*, when informed by agricultural experts that dusting with calcium arsenate would have saved the 1923 crop, determined that the effort should be made in 1924. The farmers were skeptical as to the value of any remedy against the dreaded pest and inclined to let nature take its course. Three problems therefore presented themselves to Mr. Davis:

1. The proper method of controlling the boll weevil.
 2. Informing the farmers of this method.
 3. Restoring the farmers' confidence.
- A meeting was called of country agricultural experts and others pro-



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ficient in Southern farm problems and a circular was sent out signed by these men telling the farmer what to do and how to do it.

This was followed by an aggressive campaign in *The Herald*. A screamer in red, "Southwest Georgia Must Lick the Boll Weevil," was run across the first page. In the same paper was a strong editorial calling upon the farmers to poison and to poison in the right way. The paper also carried a two-colored advertisement, half-page size of the Albany Chamber of Commerce giving the simple method which any farmer could understand and easily use. For several days a red banner was carried on the front page and editorials urged upon the farmer the importance of winning the fight.

In a few days, *The Herald* augmented the appeal it was making to the farmers by publishing a series of half-page two-color advertisements from the leading business enterprises in the community, throwing behind *The Herald's* campaign the weight of endorsements from conspicuously successful enterprises in many lines of business—banks, wholesale houses, railroads, manufacturers, etc.

The effect of this campaign was almost immediately felt. Soon everyone in southwest Georgia was talking about the boll-weevil fight. The merchants and supply people were quickly sold on the idea and every time the farmer came in contact with these merchants he was urged to enlist in the fight by the method which *The Herald* was advocating. Other papers in the territory took up the campaign and it became the all-absorbing topic of interest during the month of May when it was so important for the poison campaign to begin. About 87 per cent of the farmers applied poison that year by the approved method. There were fewer boll weevils in the territory than there had been in a number of years. "The Herald has never done anything which strengthened so much the good will it enjoys as the boll-weevil campaign," said Mr. Davis.

ON December 23, 1924, *The Dallas Morning News* awarded a prize of \$1,000 to John W. McFarlane, an Anderson county farmer, for winning the newspaper's "More Cotton on Fewer Acres" contest. While the average production of lint cotton in Texas in 1924 was slightly more than one-fourth of a bale per acre, Mr. McFarlane, in the face of one of the severest drouths in the history of the Southwest, produced more than two bales per acre. The fact that the prize went to a farmer in Anderson county, a county in the oldest part of the state where the average farmer might consider the soil

worked out, increased the value of this demonstration as an object lesson in good farming methods.

For several years Geo. P. Collins, publisher of the *Foster County Independent*, Carrington, N. D., has given a prize of \$100 cash each fall for the best exhibits of a yellow dent corn grown by school boys and girls. The contest each year created much interest and resulted in farmers switching over from an inferior corn to the dent variety.

The Sioux City Tribune one year awarded prizes totalling \$5,000 at its corn show in the Sioux City auditorium. Hundreds of farmers in Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, and southern Minnesota entered the contest.

The late Colonel William Rockhill Nelson, founder of *The Kansas City Star*, was convinced, as early as 1890, that the best plan for a permanent prosperity of the middle west and the southwest lay in live stock on all farms. His study of livestock conditions also convinced him that only the best livestock was profitable. He bought an 1,800-acre tract of land 30 miles east of Kansas City and named it Sni-a-Bar farms. Four hundred common red cows were bought on the Kansas City market—cows that had been sold by the farmers of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Colorado. These cows were taken to the farm. There they were mated with good, pure-bred sires. When calves came the females were kept, mated with other good, pure-bred sires and the process repeated over and over.

The results of the first cross of pure blood with the common red cows were startling in the improvement shown over the mothers. The second and later crosses were accompanied by certain refinements, more outstanding quality, and resulted in the production of animals that brought higher bids.

The common-sense method of producing better live stock on the farm has been taken up by other Kansas City business men. Through the chamber of commerce co-operating with the active county agricultural organization, 2,500 scrubs have been replaced with purebreds.

Once each year all persons interested are invited to be guests of Sni-a-Bar Farms. The cattle showing the various stages of development are placed in pens built for that purpose. They range from original red cows to choicest fat steers, some of which have won championships at the big western fairs, waddling under their load of choice cuts of meat.

Men from agricultural colleges, cattle feeders, and sometimes representatives of the packers, point out the various changes made, show where the good

cuts of meat come from, their increased quality as the quality of the animal is raised, and why prices are better for the good animal than for the scrub. Widely known speakers, led by the Secretary of Agriculture, point out how the lessons taught may be applied on farms. A Kansas City caterer serves truck loads of lunch at the expense of the farms. Farmers drive to the meeting from five states. And each year brings an increasing number who are grading up their herds the Sni-a-Bar way.

THE NELSON demonstration has sought to impress on the farmer that he, the farmer, might profit by practicing business methods on the farm—by producing a higher quality, better selling, more valuable article at the same expense used to produce an inferior one which would command, by its inferiority, a minimum price.

These farms and their equipment Mr. Nelson gave to the people to be used for their benefit after his death.

What Colonel Nelson did on a large scale at his Sni-a-Bar farm, J. D. Bacon, owner of the *Grand Forks Herald*, Grand Forks, N. D., is doing on a smaller scale, but with equally effective results for his community. Mr. Bacon has established a model farm for the purpose of demonstrating the practicability of diversified agriculture and the value of using purebred livestock. A. E. Gonzales, publisher of the *Columbia, S. C., State*, has an experimental fruit and vegetable farm. Fred Heiskell, editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, has a farm 20 miles from Little Rock which he is using in co-operation with agricultural experts to show terracing methods and grape culture.

The problems associated with the marketing of agricultural products are as important today as those associated with production. Five years ago *The Manchester (N. H.) Union and Leader* embarked on a campaign to promote co-operative marketing for the farmers of the state. Under the editorial leadership of the *Union*, a popular interest in waning agriculture was aroused long before this matter became one for agitation in Congress.

Frank Knox, president and editor of the *Union* made a special trip to Denmark and wrote a series of articles describing the co-operative methods in vogue in that country. Later, in the office of *The Union and Leader*, a group of men were assembled which undertook the organization of the New Hampshire Cooperative Marketing Association. Later, this action was confirmed at a large dinner at one of the local clubs here, given by *The Union and Leader*, at which the Governor, the

Commissioner of Agriculture, members of the faculty of the State University, State Bankers' Association, State Manufacturers' Association, the Farm Bureaus, and the State Grange all participated. Out of this larger meeting grew the Association which is now functioning successfully, doing a business of nearly a million dollars a year. Thus a newspaper provided the first successful answer to the acutely vital problem of "What shall we do with our farms?"

WHILE it was generally customary a few years ago to run farm news in a special section or on a page by itself, it is now regarded as better to avoid departmentizing this class of material. The farmer is likely to resent the implication that he is different from anyone else in the community; that his news requires special treatment. Furthermore, a distinction between city and country news only serves to accentuate the friction that often exists between farmers and city people. Scattering farm news throughout the paper has the additional advantage that it brings farm problems to the attention of town people, who, whether they realize it or not, are, in the typical county seat town, quite directly dependent on the prosperity of the farmer. "One of the greatest needs of American society today is that city dwellers be accurately informed concerning the facts of agriculture and rural life," says Dr. W. M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture. "This need is almost as great as that of aiding in the dissemination of information for the purpose of helping rural dwellers solve their problems."

Rather than emphasize the differences between farmers and city people, a newspaper should strive by every means possible to merge and identify their interests. Instead of writing "Farmers and business men," every editor would do well to follow the style of Don C. Wright, editor of *The Crane* (Mo.) *Chronicle*, who puts it "farmers and other business men." Mr. Wright has been instrumental in re-organizing several of the typical small-town commercial clubs into community clubs in which farmers are taking an active interest.

D. D. Bruner, editor of the *Industry* (Ill.) *Press*, has brought his community to the point where farmers are invariably included in community enterprises. Four of the township high-school directors are farmers. The annual horse show is managed by farmers and their wives. Half of the members of the band are country people. Farmers are elected to lodge offices and church trusteeship. The "feeling" which formerly existed has been almost entirely eliminated.



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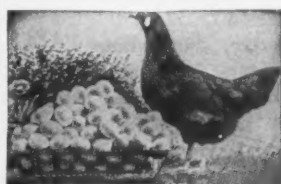
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Dramatizing the Classification

(Continued from page 27)

mittee returned with the report that "We find the whole controversy started by someone making the statement that he thought his business the most important; his Rotary classification the real and only reason our city continued to exist. This started each discussing his claim against the other until—well, you witnessed the result. It is the opinion of the Grievance Committee that each man in turn should be heard in his own behalf and would recommend three judges be appointed for the hearing, with instructions to give an impartial decision after the "investigation."

The president finding this to be the consensus of opinion of the meeting, appointed the judges. He said, "I would now ask that each man in this,—can I say, disgraceful episode—come forward one at a time and in one hundred words (50 seconds), state his case to show cause why his business of all others should be considered the most important."

Each man had been provided with a panel of heavy board two by three feet with a stick fastened to the back, forming an easel, and one at a time, each entered carrying the panel upon which he had mounted an exhibit calculated to portray the value of his business or profession to the community. At the close of each speech the exhibit was placed on the speaker's table until a row of forty feet of "scenery" was arrayed for the edification of the members present.

The Baker exhibited the scrawny bread and doughnuts of early days and the latest product and explained that 60 per cent of the city would go to bed hungry that night if their bakery closed its doors.

The Fire Insurance man had a house built of asbestos mounted on his panel and cotton waste saturated in gasoline was ignited as he entered, a blaze shooting from every window, small figures of firemen on ladders with hose filled with water, shot mimic streams on the spectators in true fire style. He assured those present that he would keep the city intact by replacing all buildings destroyed by conflagration.

The Electrician portrayed the evolution of light from whale oil, tallow candle, oil lamp, to the electric light; each burning to show their relative value.

The Plumber showed the old pump and wash tub, contrasting it with the latest shower bath and gave a doll lady an electric lighted shower in a miniature shower bath. He explained that it was he who had assisted the entire

plumbing profession to find the plum in plumbing.

The Flour and Feed classification representative had a yard of twenty live chicks on his panel and explained the necessity for his business.

The Sporting Goods man gave a demonstration of his good fishing tackle by pulling a big live one out of his scenery.

The liability classification had a model of Storm King Highway and Mountain. At the right point in his speech he "pulled the string" and the autos ran off the road and the passengers dangled at the ends of cords previously arranged.

The Photographer "shot" the president with his camera mounted on the panel and instantly exhibited the Rotary Club's President in various episodes from the cradle to the grave.

The closing appearance was the "Get-'Em-in-the-End" Quartette, consisting of the Surgeon, Doctor, Undertaker and Tombstone Classification. They entered to the funeral air of the "Dead March of Saul." The Surgeon explained that "We are the sick 'em and plant 'em quartette. If you don't like any part of this affair, I will cut it out. It's my job. Cut it out is my middle name." The fat doctor monologued with "Fit or fat at forty.—Fat is fatal at fifty.—Not if this quartette sees you first." The Undertaker brought his panel to the front and it was to all intents a paneled door with knocker and knob. The tombstone man carried a carved pasteboard marker.

It was then up to the judges to render a decision and the spokesman scored with "In the ten seconds allotted us to decide this momentous question, we have given this evidence thirty minutes careful consideration and we have decided that not any one single classification has individual value to this city. Not a single man here could put our city on the map. We would consider every man here absolutely useless, except without the others. Every man and every business and profession is necessary in the community. It is the co-operation of all that makes a city great and a worth-while place in which to live. It is the fusion of efforts by all business ventures and professions that contributes most to the strength of the community. No man has a right to lay claim to the distinction of having the most important classification in business. It is the presence and co-operation of all trades and professions that makes a city great. That is why Binghamton is great."



THIS list of 27 Rotary clubs, all of recent organization, is a continuation of the list published in the October number. The countries are mentioned in this new list, the clubs being apportioned thus: United States, 11 new clubs; England, 6; Peru, 1; Ireland, 1; Mexico, 1; Spain, 1; Switzerland, 1; Australia, 1, and Belgium, 1. Rotary International has now approximately 2,450 member clubs which are distributed among 36 countries.

Arequipa, Peru. Club No. 2401. Organization work completed by William Crosby of Lima, Peru; president, Dr. Luis A. Chavez Velando; secretary, Dr. Julio E. Portugal.

Cork, Ireland. Club No. 2402. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 17; president, J. J. Horgan; honorary secretary, P. I. Barry.

Bedford, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2403. Special Representative: J. Milton Patterson of Cumberland; president, Rev. Harry L. Saul; secretary, Dr. R. D. Grissinger.

Green Cove Springs, Florida. Club No. 2404. Special Representative: M. B. Cochran of Palatka; president, George W. Hulvey; secretary, O. L. Brandenburger.

Fulham, England. Club No. 2405. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, Walter L. Leonard; honorary secretary, Ernest J. Cubitt.

Huatusco, Mexico. Club No. 2406. Organized by Rotario Francisco Callarisa, secretary of the Rotary Club of Cordoba, Mexico; president, Guillermo Fernandez; secretary, Guillermo Sedas.

Vigo, Spain. Club No. 2407. Organization work completed by Special Representative Juan A. Meana; president, Estanislao Duran; secretary, Angel Nunez.

Danbury, Connecticut. Club No. 2408. Special Representative: Walter F. Decker of Bridgeport; president, Rev. John M. Deyo; acting secretary, George F. Green.

Fontana, California. Club No. 2409. Special Representative: Merton E. Hill of Upland; president, E. J. Hauser; secretary, Cornelius DeBakcsy.

San Angelo, Texas. Club No. 2410. Special Representative: Claude G. Allen of Fort Worth; president, William M. Hemphill; secretary, Herbert O'Bannon.

Seville, Ohio. Club No. 2411. Special Representative: Bassett M. Rayne of Wadsworth; president, Sewell J. Rayne; secretary, Forrest D. Riffey.

Lisbon, New Hampshire. Club No. 2412. Special Representative: Wells G. Hadley of Whitefield; president, Clark B. Frost; secretary, William E. Price.

Lewisham, England. Club No. 2413. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, E. W. Hayes; honorary secretary, Gordon Peter.

Saltburn-by-the-Sea, England. Club No. 2414. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 4; president, Rev. Henry Kettlewell; honorary secretary, Matthew Johnstone.

Casa Grande, Arizona. Club No. 2415. Special Representative: George H. Todd of Phoenix; president, P. D. Overfield; secretary, A. Van Wagenen, Jr.

Wildwood, New Jersey. Club No. 2416. Special Representative: William W. Brittain of Atlantic City; president, Edwin L. Chalmers; secretary, Jonathan W. Acton.

St. Moritz, Switzerland. Club No. 2417. Organized by George Wettstein, Special Representative for Rotary International; president, Otto Keppler; secretary, Walter Scheitlin.

Mackay, Queensland, Australia. Club No. 2418. Organization work completed by Acting Honorary Special Commissioner McWilliam; president, William A. Amiet; honorary secretary, H. John Manning.

Rochdale, England. Club No. 2419. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 5; president, Harry Wycherley; honorary secretary, Henry Ormerod.

Warrenton, Virginia. Club No. 2420. Special Representative: Thomas B. McAdams of Richmond; president, J. Donald Richards; secretary, L. R. Bartenstein.

Liege, Belgium. Club No. 2421. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Teele; president, Armand Baar; secretary, Carl Grégoire.

Troy, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2422. Special Representative: Bert E. Messner of Athens; president, J. Carson Blackwell; secretary, John H. McClelland.

Haverstraw, New York. Club No. 2423. Special Representative: Eugene F. Perry of Nyack; president, Arthur R. Thomas; secretary, George W. Basley.

Lykens, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2424. Special Representative: J. Frank Saussaman of Paxtang (member Harrisburg Rotary Club); president, John H. Eby; secretary, Irving Berry.

Newark, New York. Club No. 2425. Special Representative: A. H. Van Brocklin, Pittsford (member Rochester Rotary Club); president, Frank Stever Warren; secretary, Lyman Knight Stuart.

Finchley, England. Club No. 2426. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, William Ramsay; honorary secretary, Alan C. Deverell.

Sandown, Isle of Wight. Club No. 2427. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 11; president, W. J. Board; honorary secretary, Douglas Crawford.

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Rotary for Rubens

(Continued from page 7)

plains your criminal and your saint. Thus, Rotary in the small town is more essentially work than in the large city. We don't find it easy to provide ourselves with interesting programs. If we had eleven pretty girls willing to disrobe themselves in an effort to participate in the great American display of pulchritude, as had Kansas City, we might be tempted too; for we are human even though rubes.

One hundred per cent attendance, though desirable, is not, however, the main object of Rotary and that brings this discussion to the first problem for the International Board if we are to spread the spirit of business understanding and cooperation over the small towns and keep it there. The supply of Rotary material here is very exhaustible. Our club is small. Shall we then follow a rule that must bring evaporation, or shall we wink? Perhaps it would be better to change the rule slightly in its application to towns under five thousand. Rotary rules were originally made for cities of one hundred thousand and up, were they not?

TELLING us to solve this problem for ourselves is a strong gesture, but short-sighted. We have tried to solve it and cannot. Our club had not been running for six months until one of our best Rotarians, a banker, who lives with his farmer father near town, was obliged to be away because his father was taken with a prolonged illness and our member was needed at Rotary hour to help with the milking. Milk is being produced almost at a loss; other help cannot be found nor paid on a profitable basis. Cows are contented today and if they are to be kept contented and the milk is to meet market requirements, a man may not slight the job to rush off to Rotary meeting. Another valued member's stomach laid down on him, as stomachs do without regard to the rules of Rotary, and the doctor placed him on a strict diet which our club could not provide. Meanwhile, from a club of eighteen at the start, one went camping in the wilderness of Canada and two resigned. Naturally, we were not feeling real confident about dropping members. This is distinctly a Rotary problem of the small town. In the big cities there are many men lying in wait for vacant berths not so much because they are yearning to serve, although that is part of their mind, as for the profits from association and prominence. There are no such Rotarian profits in small towns, where all of us are already associated in many

other organizations, so much so, in fact, that conflicting engagements seriously affect Rotary attendance.

A second consideration for Rotary International seems to be the formation of a universal policy to govern the co-operation which county-seat clubs, or any centrally located Rotary, may be permitted to request from small-town clubs. In our county, for instance, Rotary has clubs at Meadville, which is the county seat, Titusville and Cambridge Springs. The two larger clubs cooperated in the crippled children's movement, enlisted the aid of other service clubs also, visited all parts of the county, set up a clinic and finally completed a work that is undoubtedly inspiring and invaluable. The Cambridge Springs club came into existence when the deficit in funds was the problem at hand. The county-seat club had arranged to force attendance at a large moving-picture theatre in its city, the management of the theatre dividing fifty-fifty on tickets actually sold by Rotary. An appeal was made to our club to help in wiping out this deficit since we had not been born in time to be a part of the crippled children's campaign. And thus we placed the tickets on sale at one of our drug stores and carried front-page promotion stories in our newspaper boosting the show at the county seat. All of which was fine until the reaction set in. We had, in our enthusiasm, forgotten that the moving-picture theatre owner in our own town has his problems. He had contracted for the same picture at his own theatre a few weeks later. He rather justly, I think, disciplined the newspaper owner for a time by withdrawing his paid advertising. He lost, the newspaper man lost, and Rotary was immediately under a shadow until all hands agreed to forget and remember. America has created a definite custom of using the county as a unit of operation. The custom is fine for the county seat, but sometimes works great hardships on the business men of smaller places. Rotary might do well to recognize this.

Another stumbling block for Rotary in the small town is the impossibility of using very much live steam in breaking down the active distrust between competitors. Asking a man to discuss his competitor in open meeting simply cannot be thought of. Nor will the unsigned questionnaire accomplish anything. Our club is necessarily small. We knew our brothers, exceedingly well, even if we did not fully appreciate their virtues, before Rotary came on the scene. In small town, men often talk over the

telephone without introducing their names. Their voices are known. Hand writing is recognized also. The individual gives copybook answers to intimate queries, or writes none. Either method destroys the confession. Since a higher plane of competition is one of the first reasons for the existence of Rotary, we must do this kind of work in a small town through the outside speaker entirely.

WE also find the cost of Rotary a considerable item, entirely out of proportion with what we are accustomed to spend in clubs, lodges, and other uplift organizations. Some of us can pay the optional figures of our particular club, twenty-five dollars to join, twenty dollars annual dues and fifty-two dollars per year dinner fees, but such costs are against the small town grain, contrary to traditions, customs, and past education. More of us, however, cannot pay the cost of Rotary. Possibly such a condition is difficult for the city man to understand, but a little thought and observation should prove to him that we have no "easy come" money and therefore none that goes easily. Our incomes are already pledged. Few of us ever see the big years when we crack off the unexpected five to fifty thousand. We have few irresponsibles. We are methodical. And in addition, we belong to five organizations while the city man is paying his way in one.

Spreading Rotary into the small towns is an easy and natural conception, but its future there is highly problematical. Meanwhile, in its strict commercial application it is more needed there than in the city. Good roads, automobiles, one-crop farming, cheaper money, over supply of individual stores in small towns have presented our business men with a serious situation. No relief seems possible except by the creation of a plane of competition based on cooperation, study and manipulation. Our business men are rapidly approaching the time when they must carefully estimate demand for various lines and operate so as to keep stocks segregated. Each town must offer one shoe store, for instance, with a representative stock; but not two shoe stores with unsatisfactory selection in both of them. The same rigid rule must be enforced in other lines. Obviously, such procedure depends absolutely on a spirit of co-operative study and operation such as Rotary suggests and fosters. If a man can develop himself into the true Rotarian, only then will he be qualified to

keep his contracts with his fellow-businessmen and to bring to bear toward the new-comer in retail circles that fine sense of repression or encouragement determined by circumstances. The American small town never can afford to build a wall with locked gates around itself, but the time is just behind the corner of the years when it must consider restrictions for the protection of its own.

A hope appears on the horizon, however. It is our oncoming generation. Our younger Rotarians, even though married, are not yet saddled with the strict budget of family responsibility. They can afford Rotary and do. They bring to our meetings that spontaneity forgotten by the old dog who cannot sing above a growl and therefore thinks he shouldn't sing at all, who fears selection to the pinch-hitting quartet, who lacks stunt courage. The young bloods talk about business very frankly. They have no traditional hatreds and jealousies. They see the hearts, not the faces and the histories of their brothers.

The small town needs Rotary and it will prosper there if it can be applied. But under present rules and conditions, the situation is decidedly inflated, subject to puncture and blowout.

Business Arbitrates

Arbitration, as a method of adjusting trade controversies and as an instrument of self-regulation, is found to be a rapidly growing institution in American business by the Domestic Distribution Department of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

An analysis of 16 typical arbitration systems now functioning, made for the National Trade Relations Committee shows that compulsory arbitration is enforced by the American Spice Trade Association, the Grain Dealers National Association, the National-American Wholesale Lumber Association, the National Council Lighting Fixtures Manufacturers and the National League of Commission Merchants.

The food group, consisting of the American Wholesale Grocers Association, the National Cannery Association, the National Dried Fruit Association, the National Food Brokers Association and the National Wholesale Grocers Association, have adopted uniform arbitration rules and maintains joint arbitration boards in the principal cities of the United States.

The leather group, consisting of the Tanners Council and the shoe manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers associations, also has adopted uniform rules.

Ample evidence is seen by the Chamber to justify the conclusion that business is embarking upon a program of self-regulation.



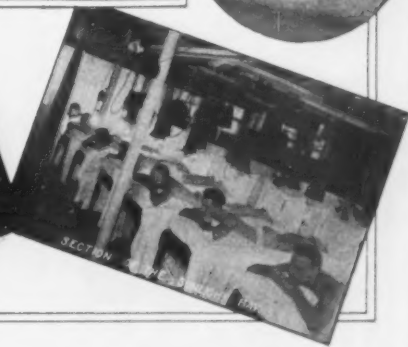
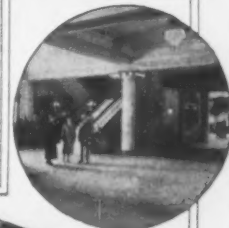
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"Business Thrives on Reputation"

Extent of Employee Ownership

By Alden H. Little

Executive Secretary, Investment Bankers Association of America

ONE of the most remarkable social and industrial phenomena of recent years is the large and continual growth of the number of investors and potential investors in the United States, and the consequent spread of the ownership of her great business enterprises to an ever-widening circle of security holders. America, since the intensive drives of the Liberty loan campaigns, has become a nation of investors. In the period prior to the World War, it was not unusual for promoters of business and industrial enterprises in need of financing to seek capital abroad. Today such a course is not even considered. The Liberty loan drives, the practice of selling securities on the installment plan, the customer- and employee-ownership campaigns of industries and public utilities, and, what is equally important, the unprecedented surplus of capital necessarily seeking investment—all these have tended to create an army of investors capable of absorbing in new securities at present about 7 or 8 billion dollars per annum.

Today more than 16 per cent of the population of the United States is financially interested in the well-being of public and private corporations not only in the United States but in various other countries. Such a statement is subject to proof. According to recent figures issued by the U. S. Treasury Department, there are some \$3,725,885,000 in registered Treasury and Liberty bonds outstanding, involving over 1,885,000 individual holders with an average holding of \$1,800. In addition, there are outstanding at this time more than \$12,360,000,000 of government coupon bonds, which Treasury officials estimate to be in the hands of not less than 11,000,000 separate holders. These figures do not include pre-war long-term bonds nor short-term government securities.

Probably a better picture of the extent to which the investor has become a common figure in America can be gained from a glance at a few results of the employee-ownership and customer-ownership movements which have swept across America with startling rapidity in the last few years. There is hardly a large corporation in the United States today which does not number a substantial percentage of its customers and employees among its owners and creditors. The United States Steel Company, for example,

one of the two two-billion-dollar corporations in the world, has sold more than 1,140,800 shares of common stock to its employees in the last eight years. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, another two-billion-dollar corporation, has 56,900 employees holding stock at present, and over 165,500 employees who are still paying for stock and who are not, consequently, stockholders of record. Nearly 20,000 employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad hold stock in that road. At the end of 1925, more than 22,500 employees of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation had paid in full or were paying for some 65,000 shares of that company's stock, and in the last year 38,475 employees subscribed for over 75,000 shares of the preferred stock of the same corporation. In the last five years 12,000 employees of the Standard Oil Company of California and more than 15,000 employees of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey have acquired the stocks of their respective employers. In hundreds of other corporations throughout the country the employee-ownership movement has proved proportionately fruitful in bringing about a wider distribution of ownership in industry. It is estimated by competent authorities that some seven hundred million shares of stock represent the holdings of employees in our great corporations.

THE system of customer-ownership, which up to the present has been confined almost solely to electric, gas, railway, and telephone companies, has also familiarized bonds and stocks to millions of men and women. At the end of 1924, 208 electric light and power companies reported nearly 950,000 stockholders obtained through the customer-ownership plan. Similar success has attended the efforts of the gas companies, telephone companies, and electric railways in their distribution of securities. It is commonly said that today the number of bondholders and stockholders in public utilities in the United States number about four million.

All of the foregoing, however, does not include the hundreds of thousands who hold the obligations of our states and their vast number of political subdivisions. It does not include completely the stockholders in our railroads who are estimated to number 864,000, or more than the whole popu-

lation of any one of fifteen states. It does not include more than hastily the indeterminable number of bondholders and the 15,000,000 stockholders in our 320,000 corporations, nor does it consider the thousands who have placed over \$10,000,000,000 in foreign government and foreign corporation securities, and many billions more into real-estate mortgages at home. The exact number of investors in the United States can never be determined. But if only the very incomplete figures that are available are summed up, after making allowance for over-lapping, we can quickly and confidently say that there has been brought into reckoning a very large body of our people.

What have been the effects of this step of the American masses into the security markets? In the first place, it has given the public a greater appreciation of the true worth of sound investments, thus adding to the stability of communities. Undoubtedly, a great step forward is made in economic and financial well-being when the masses of the people, by the mere physical possession of pieces of paper, realize the values peculiar to intangible wealth. Further, by opening up greater sources of capital for business enterprise, this entrance of millions into the market has enabled business to secure capital more advantageously. This fact, in turn, means more continuous employment for labor, and a greater share of the profits of industry for everyone.

THEN, too, the interest of such a wide number of people in corporate well-being constitutes a tremendous force for the stability of industry. The growth of employee-ownership of stock has changed the attitude of labor toward corporative profits, minimized the strike hazard, engendered a spirit of cooperation, and provided industry with a more contented, conscientious, and prosperous group of workers. Moreover, the widespread distribution of the ownership of utilities, railroads, and industries has erected a bulwark against public antipathy and destructive legislation, both major risks. And, on the other hand, it has had a tendency to force all corporations to a frequent publication of more detailed

reports of earnings and expenses, by which the changing worth of their securities may be more closely followed. Today there are probably fewer corporate secrets and mysteries than ever before in the history of this great industrial era. All of these facts are, to a great extent, the outgrowth of this interesting phenomenon of recent years, and all of them are playing a part in a better protection of the interests of our growing army of corporate owners and creditors.

It may be noted also that, as a result of this spreading ownership of securities, there has developed a greater concern for the interests of the small investor. This growing solicitation for his rights is reflected in the increasing efficiency of public-regulation boards, such as state utility commissions, Blue-Sky commissions, various Federal commissions, and in the activities of business organizations, such as the Investment Bankers Association of America in its special departments to combat fraud and to supply dependable information to the public. This organized activity, designed to protect legitimate business and the investing public, also includes the work of some forty Better Business Bureaus, the New York Stock Exchange, and the invaluable cooperation of the press. As a result, the small investor is better protected today than ever before, and there is every reason to believe that he will continue to receive solicitous care at the hands of every organization whose activities in any way touch his interests.

We have an oft-repeated adage: "There is safety in numbers." It has an especial truth in this application. As investing becomes a mass rather than a class activity, it needs must become a safer and more suitable activity. Today this activity is worthy of the confidence it involves. In this age of financial coordination, brought about by the widespread interest in corporate activity, the accumulation of capital and its employment in productive enterprise or government are assured safeguards by those very factors which have made so great an accumulation and the wider employment of capital possible.



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The Boy and the Job

(Continued from page 14)

We must not live too much in the future. Right now this boy is a boy and moreover he is *our* boy. We are the first to feel his success or failure, we are the immediate barrier between him and the undesirable as well as the immediate entrance through which he reaches the good in life. He is *our* boy and unless we can say that he is our success too we cannot claim to have done our duty by him or by ourselves. No other success in the world of men can quite compensate for failure in our own home. Therefore we can much better afford to sacrifice a little of our own business and pleasure than to let him think we are not interested in his pursuits.

ALL this, of course, has already been figured out by the men who work much with boys. Hence it has been incorporated in Scouting, and a Scout's hobbies are given official recognition indirectly when he decides to work for merit badges. Because the merit badge means definite achievement along some certain line it follows that the Scout will consider his own preferences and decide which badges he will try to secure first. Having once secured them he is likely to want others, to branch out into pursuits which he had not previously considered very seriously.

All these and other considerations have made the Boy Scout Merit Badge Exposition a real factor in the boy life of St. Louis.

St. Louis claims the distinction of being the only city in the United States in which such an exposition is held. It was inaugurated in 1925 by the Rotary Club. Other cities will no doubt follow the lead established by St. Louis. At the second annual exposition, held in October, Boy Scout officials from New York, Chicago, and Kansas City were in St. Louis to view the exhibits. Alexander Campbell, of New York, general field secretary of the Boys' Club Federation of America, which includes 250,000 boys, was a spectator. He praised the vocational-guidance work of the Scouts, which, he states, "has solved the problem of the restless boy."

With its seventy booths, in which were demonstrated the proper methods of conducting virtually every kind of business, as well as the manner in which a log cabin should be built or a fire line organized, the St. Louis Coliseum, where the three-day exposition was held, presented a veritable cross-section of everyday American life. In one booth Scouts were busy binding books—and they demonstrated by the class of their work that they knew their trade. A complete blacksmith

shop was set up in another booth, while next to it a modern foundry was operating at full blast. Proper methods of agriculture were demonstrated and correct methods of operating a sanitary dairy were shown. There were demonstrations in fire-fighting. There were airplane models made by Scouts and a complete airplane motor in another booth. Banking, business—every conceivable trade, profession and industry were represented and the scouts were prepared to tell the 20,000 visitors enough details to make the demonstration both interesting and worth while.

The complete manner in which each booth was arranged was the direct result of the careful thought that the Scouts had put into their work. They had completed all the arrangements unassisted by members of the profession or industry illustrated by their respective booths.

The exposition has put across successfully in St. Louis the message that was intended. It has brought to the citizens of this city a realization that their children are learning the fundamentals of various branches of business, so that they may be able to choose intelligently their life work.

The decision of the Rotary Club in 1925 to sponsor an annual Boy Scout Exposition was not the first sign of interest evinced by that organization in the forwarding of the Scout movement here. For several years previous, members of the St. Louis Rotary Club had been giving several hours a week to the instruction of the Scouts in their particular branches of business. An officer in one of the city's large banks, for instance, meets a number of boys at his home one night a week and gives them instruction in banking. He has been doing that for several years. Another man brings the Scouts to his printing establishment and instructs them in book-binding. The Scouts visit farms in the community surrounding St. Louis, where they gather first-hand information. Others are studying basketry. Some are learning to be radio operators.

There are three hundred business men in St. Louis actively interested in the Boy Scout movement. They are giving personal instruction to more than six thousand boys, who have been made to realize the importance of specialization and study in business.

Since the inauguration of the exposition there has been a wave of enthusiasm among the boys to pass the tests for merit badges. In the year following the 1925 exposition, Scouts qualified for more than 6,000 merit badges, some of them requiring six months to win.

Prizes were awarded troops for the best booths and individual awards were made for outstanding articles made by the Scouts. Whether they win a prize or not the enthusiasm of a Scout for his particular "business" is not dampened. He seems to have caught the idea of competition. He is trying to put out a better article than his competitor, for the mere satisfaction he gets in doing so. He knows that the prize will come sooner or later.

There is no particular need for discussing here in detail the intensive way in which the St. Louis Rotary Club was organized into committees, and which was responsible for the success of the exposition. It will be sufficient to say that there was a general committee, headed by a general chairman, and there were subcommittees on Arrangements, Education, Participation, Program Advertising and Publicity. There were also committees on Prizes and Awards, Finance, the Program, and Concessions. The work was so coordinated that there was no overlapping of responsibilities, and as a result, each phase of the exposition ran smoothly without the last-minute friction which sometimes results.

EARL BECKMAN, Boy Scout executive for St. Louis, believes the holding of the Annual Merit Badge Exposition is the greatest forward step taken by any city in boys' work.

"The result of the two expositions has been to create a wave of enthusiasm among the Boy Scouts over the merit-badge tests," he recently stated. "This was demonstrated after the 1925 exposition when Scouts won 6,000 merit badges. In striving for these honors, the boys gain a knowledge of approximately seventy-two different trades and professions. They are able to understand what each trade represents. When they reach the university age they are equipped to choose intelligently their profession. Without the training they are receiving from St. Louis business men, many of them might drift aimlessly through life, never properly fitted for any specific line of business."

Hiram C. Martin, president of the St. Louis Rotary Club, and a past international officer of Rotary International, is enthusiastic over the results accomplished and the interest displayed in the exposition.

"Through this annual event," he declared, "parents are realizing the advantages offered their boys by the Boy Scout organization. Heretofore many business men had looked on the movement as a form of recreation and entertainment; many parents regarded it

simply as another excuse for their boys to be away from home one night each week. But the exposition has opened their eyes to the educational value of the Boy Scout movement. They see these boys learning the principles of valuable trades and professions that they had to learn through hard experience. The Merit Badge Exposition is here to stay."

Business men of St. Louis are realizing the importance of the proper development of the youth in the future life and growth of the city. They see in the boys future leaders in business and social life. They are expending their time and money to the end that these boys may be properly trained for the responsibilities they must assume. What work could be greater than that?

The Inheritance

By EARL BIGELOW BROWN

WHO knows how much of gold and jewels,

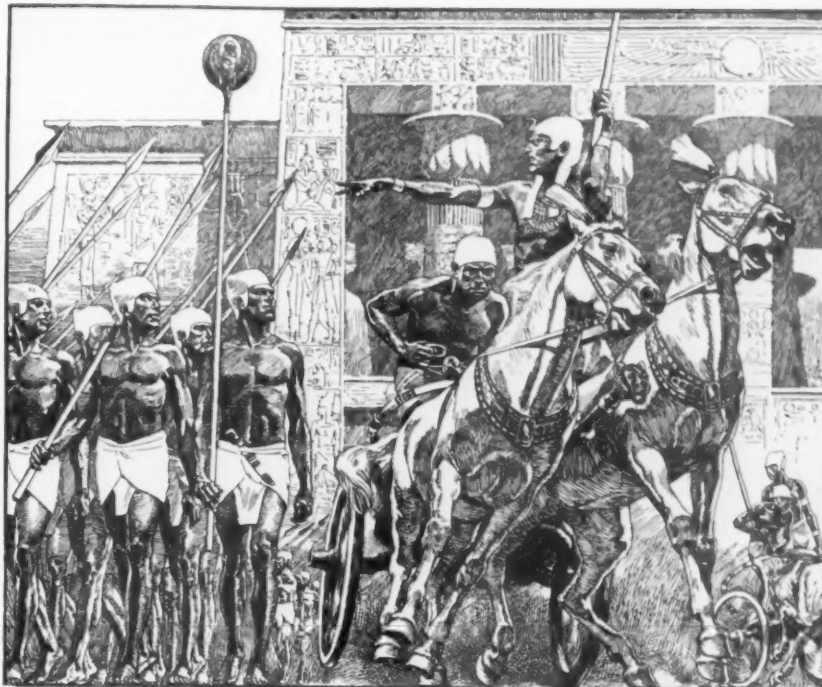
Of houses and of lands,
I can give over to my son,
When Death beside me stands?

Remorseless fire or wind or flood
May visit me one day—
Or thieves or cruel fortune steal
My utmost wealth away.

But I have built a treasury,
Impregnable to all
The furies of a treacherous world—
Within my spirit's wall.

The combination I will give
To my beloved son,
When I have closed the treasury door,
And my last day is done.

God willing, he will open it—
And find a precious store
Of love and purpose, peace and truth,
Behind my spirit's door!



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Books for Everyone

(Continued from page 24)

becomes romantic as our gay Don Quixote tilts with it in his epochal struggle.

Parts of this book, "The Royal Road to Romance," are positively charming. The tale of the trip to the Veil of Kashmir, the story of Leh, and the visit to the Taj Mahal are cases in point. Parts of it leave a bad taste in one's conscience. That a white man should bully Indian train conductors and rejoice over the success of the process is not very laudable. Parts of it put a strain on one's credulity. That story of the cobra's nest with our hero standing right in it while the only living person nearby is far ahead and wholly unconscious of the near-tragedy being enacted is surely hair raising enough even for an adolescent. All of the book is interesting. This lad Halliburton can write and write well. Reading this book one feels glad that adolescence hung on so late in his life.

Business and the Church

By Jerome Davis. (The Century Company, New York.)

This book is a collection of essays prepared by well-known readers in the world of business and in the religious world. It is edited by Jerome Davis of Yale University who also writes an introduction and contributes one of the chapters. The names of the men who write for the book lend interest to it at once: John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Albert F. Coyle, Henry Ford, William Green, Roger Babson, and Arthur Nash, together with many other men of similar significance in the world of business have contributed their share.

The subjects they write on are striking. Here are a few of them: "Do Praying Fathers Have Preying Sons? No!" This theme is treated by Roger Babson. Here is a typical paragraph or two:

Do praying fathers have preying sons? Yes, if you believe in proverbs. Most emphatically no, if you prefer statistics. Like ninety per cent of the proverbial wisdom, the folk-lore jibe at ministers' sons and deacons' daughters breaks down completely under the penetrating rays of recorded facts. As an introduction to these facts let me explain that when speaking of the offspring of the church I am thinking not merely of clergymen. There are praying fathers among farmers, carpenters, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and other laymen, whose lives are deeply influenced by prayer and religion. The minister's family gives us a convenient case for discussion because here we have the spiritual element most fully expressed. One, however, should never forget that real religion will pulse as strongly throughout the pastorate of the church as in the parsonage itself.

Let the facts array themselves for appraisal. We approach the subject in two steps: first,

eminence in general; and second, eminence in business. De Candolle, the scientist, was among the early explorers in this field. More than twenty-five years ago he examined the lists of eminent men and scrutinized their parentage. He discovered a marked predominance of ministers' sons in the world's Hall of Fame, and an overwhelming percentage as representing those brought up in the church. In commenting upon this tendency, a religious journal recently published the following significant summary:

For more than 200 years clergymen's sons have outnumbered all others in their contributions to science. Among those were Agassiz, Encke, Euler, Linnaeus, and Olbers. To this more recently has been added the name of Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan. Among philosophers and historians who were ministers' sons were Hallam, Hobbes, Emerson, Sismondi, and a long list equally well known.

Ministers' sons who became ministers include Jonathan Edwards, Archbishop Whately, Robert Hall, Lightfoot, the Wesleys, Lowth, Stillingfleet, the Beechers, and the Spurgeons. Poets whose fathers were ministers include Young, Cowper, Thomson, Coleridge, Montgomery, Heber, Tennyson, Lowell, while in the field of literature are also Swift, Lockhart, Macaulay, Sterne, Hazlitt, Thackeray, Bancroft, Emerson, Holmes, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, and Stephen Crane.

Again we have a demonstration of the general eminence of ministers' sons in the following survey, credited to Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

There have been three preachers' boys in the White House.

Nine of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were sons of ministers.

Five Supreme Court judges and many governors, in addition to a great list of lesser political officials, were products of manse.

Daughters of preachers have been mistresses of the White House during seven presidential terms.

The Democratic party never elected a Presidential candidate who was not the son of a minister.

The Wright brothers, pioneers of aviation, were manse products, and the first transatlantic flight was made by the son of a preacher.

The inventor of the telegraph, Samuel Morse, was a pastor's son.

In the Hall of Fame are listed names of twelve preachers' sons.

"A Cooperative Industrial Experiment" by Henry Dennison; "The Human Side of Production" treated by the assistant to the president of the Bethlehem Steel Co., J. N. Larkin; "Industry and Human Nature" by William P. Hatgood and "What the Church Expects of the Business Man" by the editor, Jerome Davis, are other typical subjects.

This book is very interesting and in spots very stimulating. Its main significance lies in the fact of its being at all. That the men who wrote these essays should gather on a common platform to present their views is a very reassuring fact of modern experience. It is an excellent beginning in the right line. The book ought to have a very wide reading especially among Rotarians.



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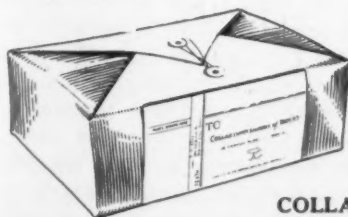
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Prayer-Stick and Tom-Tom

(Continued from page 12)

ever return to get it?" Whereupon the Indian drew himself up proudly and quietly remarked: "You put flowers on your friend's grave. You think he ever come back to smell 'em?"

Only ten miles from Santa Fé one may visit Tesuque pueblo, just off the main road. Fifteen miles further north is San Ildefonso, and a half hour's drive beyond lies Santa Clara, where the famous plain black pottery is made. There are always unique pictures to be taken, if one can beg or bribe the native to permit a "shot." I once asked special permission to photograph a war dance. The Indian governor was a good friend, but was obliged to refer the matter to his war chief. This dignified personage in turn discussed the problem with all the dancers in the "kiva." At length the group reappeared and gave me the choice of paying a stipulated sum or presenting the entire "cast" with "glossy prints." At Santo Domingo the people are particularly averse to kodak fiends. During the big Corn Dance last season, the "Koshare"—those fearsome black and white painted "delight-makers," as Bandelier called them—captured every exposed camera film and destroyed it amidst great hilarity. The only man clever enough to elude those watchful eyes was a genius who had concealed his kodak in a lunch box—with a hole for the ever-active lens.

San Juan, a short distance north of Santa Clara, is located across the Rio Grande from Chamita where, in 1598, the Spaniards made their first permanent headquarters. One may take a side road to the east near here, and visit Chimayo, where descendants of those intrepid adventurers now weave the beautiful Chimayo blankets on century-old looms. And farther on you may climb the widening trails between sandstone cliffs to picturesque Cordova, and little Truchas, bits of old Spain set down under the shadow of snow-capped peaks, rising over 13,000 feet. Or one may travel west from San Juan through beautiful forests to the lovely Pajarito Plateau, the "place of the bird people" who lived like cliff swallows.

Nowhere in America is there a finer expanse of alluring desert and majestic mountains than on the drive northward, passing herds of sheep, goats, and cattle, stopping to watch some of the cowboys at San Gabriel Ranch breaking wild horses, then winding your way up the beautiful Canyon to Taos, 75 miles from Santa Fé. Here is the house of Kit Carson, famous scout, trader, and Indian fighter in those days after the powers of Spain and Mexico had waned

and the United States Government was grappling with wild tribes which were justifiably resentful of further encroachments of the paleface.

Here too are some of America's finest artists—Sharp, Phillips, Couse and others—who are faithfully depicting the Indian on the painted canvas. Not far from the town is the wonderful pueblo structure which, for nearly 400 years, has stood in all the dignity of its two great community houses, rising tier upon tier in diminishing terraces. Under the protection of old Mount Wheeler, rising 13,600 feet into the ineffable sky, the 700 Indians still cling tenaciously to their ancient customs and ceremonies. One seems to see slices of rainbows mantling mountain and village on St. Geronimo Day, September 30th, when a colorful assemblage of a thousand or more Indians and tourists visit the pueblo. As the bells of the Mission Church of long-dead Spanish Friars ring out in silvery tones, numerous figures emerge from underground "kivas." They are clad in characteristic white blankets and carry quivering golden-leaved aspen twigs in their hands. Chanting in their own indescribable way, they shuffle along shoulder to shoulder in their religious dance.

LATER come the runners from their secret quarters, nude except for breech-clouts, gaily painted, with eagle feathers stuck in their hair. The quarter-mile course is lined with eager spectators. The relay race begins—30 on a side, running in their bare feet with a speed which belies theories of the "degeneration" of the Indian. Old men, with branches, spur on the participants. First one side is ahead, then the other. The adobe roofs fairly crack under the strain of many visitors, attired in every hue. What a scene it is! In the afternoon, observe the humorous antics of the "Chifonetti" as they climb the slippery pole after the sheep, melons and other "goodies" on top. But don't fail to revisit the village in the moonlight, when the crowd of tourists has departed, and silent white-robed figures stand silhouetted on the housetops; when the beat of the tom-tom once more drowns the rippling waters and summons the dancers from their "kivas" to enact their deeply significant rites alone. One retires from such a scene, mindful of Goldsmith's lines:

*"Contented toil and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are
there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love."*

Thirty miles southwest of New Mex-

ico's capital, lies Santo Domingo, where early in August may be seen the finest surviving Corn Dance. On this occasion every available automobile is loaded with visitors, anxious to observe this most impressive of ceremonials. Four hundred braves and squaws overflow from the two large "kivas" dressed in their finest regalia, and participate in the singing and dancing for six hours. They seem tireless, and the beauty and symbolic meaning of the performance is unforgettable. Last year the long dramatic affair proved to be a most efficient prayer for rain, after the long drought, for on the way back to town hundreds of cars were blocked by the raging river, swollen by cloudbursts.

If one really wishes to understand and appreciate the by-no-means-dead arts of the Indians, he should contrive to be in Santa Fé in August during the several days' Fiesta. Here one may view the Southwest Indian Fair, where the finest of pottery, weaving, basketry, and painting is displayed. At the Indian Baby Show one may see numerous lusty infants submitting good-naturedly to vigorous tests by the doctors, or battling with all their accumulated tribal spleen against the "indignities" imposed. The competition does much to promote better health and hygiene. Incidentally, it is encouraging that the government has recently sent trained experts to promote sanitation and new expressions of art among the Pueblos.

The crowd at the Fiesta drifts each day into the Placita of the Governor's Palace to witness brilliant dances, rabbit stick-throwing, and bow-and-arrow contests. Even at a hundred feet, the bull's-eye is struck unerringly by old gray-haired warriors, using the same steel-tipped arrows with which they still kill deer, bear, and wild turkey! One's appreciation of Indian dances grows keener, as he realizes that all the wealth of detail has been handed down from generation to generation, beginning no one knows how long before Englishmen landed at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock! Every dance at the Fiesta is given with amazing abandon, and reflects much of the glory, imagery, beauty, and fathomless depth of a race which lived in harmony with Nature in her ever-changing moods, through all the centuries. Some of the dances have never been performed in public before, yet they lose none of their significance on the big Plaza stage. The Sun, Basket, Circle, and Medicine dances are very beautiful, while the various hunting, war, and

prize dances are exciting and realistic in the extreme. The imitations of the eagle, elk, deer, antelope, and buffalo, both in costume and action, are surprisingly realistic.

At the Gallup Ceremonial late in August one may witness dances on a still larger scale. On the way down be sure to stop awhile at Isleta, near Albuquerque, and later at the larger pueblo of Laguna. And by all means drive south to Acoma, far-famed Village-of-the-Sky, with its three-storied blocks of stone houses looking across at the Enchanted Mesa, gleaming golden and pink in the sunshine. South of Gallup lies imperious Zuni with over 1,500 Indians. In all of these miniature Republics one finds a democratic government, with the citizens electing their governor and war chief and with a council of headmen, all serving willingly without compensation. There are numerous clans, though these are of less significance than in bygone days. The Shamans or Medicine Men are still powerful, and they and other "old-timers" sometimes resist the innovations of sanitation and education urged by the whites. The Indians still employ prayer sticks, charms, sacrifices, and incantations. What they need most is guaranteed possession of their lands, increased irrigation, improved health, fair treatment, appreciation of their gifts, and education adapted to their needs. Rightly handled, they are capable of enduring loyalty. Over 10,000 of them served in the A. E. F. during the World War.

NOT far from Zuni is the world's greatest stone autograph album, Inscription Rock, bearing names of famous pioneers extending over 300 years. Of course, if one wishes to see the realest of the real, he must drive off the beaten track, into the Hopi country of Arizona. A one or two-day auto trip from Gallup will bring you to the foot of the First Mesa with the whole desert for parking space and no danger of having your tail-light knocked off. From lofty heights above you may "see farther and see less" than from the Woolworth Building; but who would trade places? Here repose Tewa, Sit-chumnovi, and Walpi. At the latter place is held one of the thrilling Snake Dances, and here in a bare space 30 by 90 feet, are crowded together the dancers, the visiting mob, and the rattlers for the most dramatic half hour in America. On the Second Mesa are three other Hopi towns, and on the Third Mesa lie Oraibi, Bacabi, and Hotevilla. The Hopis leave their stone eyries every morning, run five to ten miles to their farms and orchards, and jog back again in the evening. They are unsurpassed as agriculturalists. When the Redmen take you into their confidence, Hopiland becomes a place—

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"Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying."

Apaches, Papagos, Pimas and other tribes are also found in the Southwest, but none of these are as interesting as the nomadic Navajos. One drives north or west of Gallup over alkali flats white as snow, up long graceful slopes of cedar and pinon, past loaded but philosophical burros and great flocks of sheep, through arroyos—dry as dust but where one might drown after a cloudburst—within sight of mighty forests, shaved-off mesas, and sudden fantastic buttes—apparently thrown up from depths below by some mighty demon of the underworld—sun, cactus, flowers and silence everywhere—what an experience it is! If one looks sharply he notices summer homes of the Navajos—mere enclosures of boughs roofed with branches or blankets, or more permanent winter "hogans" of wood, stone, and mud. Here the men hammer Mexican dollars into beautiful silver objects and the women sit beside their rough looms, patiently weaving the tale of the desert into vari-colored rugs. Some of the Navajos find shelter in the colossal Canon de Chelly hemmed in by sheer red walls towering skywards 900 to 1,500 feet.

To see the Navajos at their best one must witness one of their thanksgiving and healing ceremonies known as the "Yeibitchai." A thousand or more men, women, and children journey for dozens of miles for this significant event. They approach the encampment from all directions on horseback, in old covered prairie wagons, and afoot. All are clothed in their best and adorned with shell and turquoise necklaces and hand-wrought rings and bracelets. Numerous silhouettes on the fugitive horizon resolve into real people, rejoiced to see each other, for such meetings are few and far between in the vast open spaces.

The smell of roasting mutton and boiling coffee emanates from a large green lean-to near the central "hogan." Wagons are crowded close together in a huge circle, and as the gorgeous sunset dies, a dozen cheerful fires are fanned by the cool night breeze. The smoke casts a dream-like halo over picturesque groups seated upon their blankets, and the star-strewn sky and a full moon look down benignly upon this unusual scene. The august Medicine Man reigns supreme during nine days and nights of thanksgiving, healing, singing, praying, primitive pageantry, and dances. Four great "sand-paintings" are made—an art different from any other in the world. The "canvas" is a ground work of natural sand. Experts produce the elaborate, symbolic designs by pouring five successive colored sands between their fingers upon the smooth surface. No brush of any kind is employed. Every line and dot mean far more than can ever be comprehended by any white man, for the rich Navajo myths, legends, and traditions are all involved. The "paintings" are always destroyed at sunset. The "Yeibitchai" closes with a series of masked and costumed dances, accompanied by the weirdest singing ever heard on this continent. Yet there is a sincerity about it all which commands the respect of any fair-minded person.

Unfortunately, innumerable people still believe the Redman to be a lazy, useless savage, attired in the cast-off clothing of the missionary barrel, and spoiled by ill-considered philanthropy and impertinent but wealthy tourists. There are 350,000 Indians of over 300 tribes in America, and undoubtedly some of them are "spoiled." But many of them are among the finest people on earth, and not a few live in the Great Southwest. Those fascinating people and that mystic land, "where nothing is small save him who enters without respect," invite you!



At San Juan, Indian Pueblo, New Mexico—Sorting and winnowing wheat in the breeze by the old methods of past generations.

Talking It Over

(Continued from page 30)

ance, for by coming constantly in touch with one another in this way week after week, friendship and fellowship are increased. When we are lax in our attendance we neither contribute to nor receive anything from our membership in Rotary.

But Rotary does not consider friendship binding in the matter of business patronage. To put it bluntly there is not a single thing in the by-laws or in the Code of Ethics that obligates one Rotarian to trade with another. That would be a selfish motive, and organizations from time immemorial have risen and fallen because of it. How, then, are we to benefit by our membership?

If friendship is the right kind of friendship; if it is sincere; if it is true; it instinctively arouses in the individual the desire to prove himself worthy of the respect and esteem of those with whom he is thus united; and in Rotary this expresses itself in the sincere wish to act right in all our dealings with our fellowmen, to try to make our own business and our own personal lives of real value to those with whom we come in contact, and as we become shot through, as it were, with this "Rotary Conscience," we grow as better husbands and fathers, as better citizens, and of greater value to the community in which we live. Then not only Rotarians but men everywhere learn to look upon our places of business as houses of square dealing; they learn to trust and believe in us, and above all we grow to have a greater respect for ourselves.

Talmud says, "The best conduct a man can adopt is that which gains him the respect of others without depriving him of his own."

We want not only our own membership, but the outside world to realize that Rotary means something else besides a mere luncheon club. We want them to know that those who follow the precepts of Rotary must be good and upright men, who are a credit to the community in which they live—who exercise a powerful influence in the advancement of those things that go toward making up a noble, patriotic citizenry.

This then, is my conception of what is meant by carrying Rotary into the business world. If you ask me to define it any more specifically, I must admit that I do not know how. You cannot lay down any concrete rules for the exercise of your conscience; and Rotary, my friends has aroused the moral conscience of mankind as it has

not been aroused in two thousand years. True men have tried to express themselves through a code of ethics which many of us have framed and hung upon our walls. But suppose we read this from time to time or even go so far as to memorize its splendid sentiments, and then go out and put over some crooked deal, we are no more carrying Rotary into the business world than is the man who breaks the laws of his country standing as an example of an upright citizen.

Men have asked, "Does Rotary mean this; does Rotary mean that?", and again I say that your own inner conscience must give the answer.

I sat not long ago in a meeting of business men. When a certain policy was advocated, one of the group, an enthusiastic member of our club rose and struck the desk with great force saying, "No! I will not be a party to such a transaction. It is not Rotary."

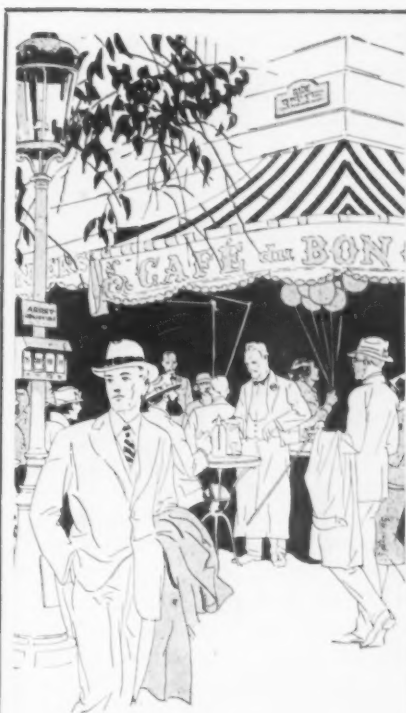
There was an example of a man who was trying to bring Rotary into the business world. He would not countenance any act or policy that was in any way unethical. This is not preaching. It is every-day common-sense. If Rotary could succeed in placing honesty into every man's business, what an accomplishment it would be!

NOT long ago I purchased a box of pears at a commission house, and noticed the name of a friend of mine who has a large orchard the other side of San Jose stamped on the outside of the box. Shortly after, I met that friend and congratulated him upon his pears, telling him how sweet and firm and lovely they were, which seemed to please him very much. Then I told him where I had obtained them. He was very much surprised.

"You bought them of So-and-So," he repeated. "Why, I just paid that man for dumping the whole shipment. He said the pears were spoiled."

Yes, there may be a few activities in the world yet that have not reached the standard. But to-day among intelligent business men, regardless of their individual ideals or their individual character, if they know business, and the principles of business, they will tell you that "he profits most" in a material sense, "who serves best."

I do not mean to say that merely because a man endeavors to practice honesty and square-dealing that he is going to make a financial success. Many an honest man has gone through bankruptcy because he lacked energy; because he lacked personality; because he



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lacked grit and stick-to-itiveness; because he lacked executive ability and other qualities that, in these days of keen competition, are necessary if one is to succeed. Honesty and square-dealing are necessary—yes. They are essential to the welfare of any line of business, but that does not mean to imply that there is any substitute for the old adage, "there is no success without great labor."

Rotary's business methods program was not originated with any idea of preaching or of telling any man how he must run his business. It is more of a research program. It is intended that you may learn the advantages of Trade or Professional Associations, which through the inculcation of friendship, places competition upon a co-operative instead of a destructive basis, standardizes products, does away with price-cutting, hiring competitor's employees, and other obnoxious practices. It intends that you shall learn the value of truth in advertising, the sanctity of contracts, the value of discounting your

ills; that you shall study the problem of the relation of employer and employee, and from these and other discussions obtain ideas that will be helpful to you in formulating plans for your own business. But all this is merely educational. It would be foolish for Rotary to lay down any set rules and say you must do this or you must do that. It can merely endeavor to sow seeds that will develop in a man a sincere desire to do that which he knows in his own heart to be right, so that he may feel that he is of real benefit to his community, and to humanity in general.

At the presentation of a charter to a new club one time, which I had the pleasure of attending, the district governor said that, as he had traveled over this great district of ours, men had frequently said to him,

"Governor Tom, do you see that man sitting over there? It is remarkable what Rotary has done for him. He is no more like the same man he was than black is white."

How true that is! Many a man has been completely made over merely by becoming a Rotarian. And the strange thing about it, is that we do not know exactly what does it.

A great divine is credited with the statement that he had never taught his son religion dogmatically at any time; that he and the boy's mother had agreed that if the atmosphere of their home did not make a Christian of the boy, nothing they could say would make a Christian of him. They knew that Christianity was catching, and if they did not have it, it would not be communicated. If they did have it, it would penetrate while the boy slept, almost; while he was unconscious of the sweet influences that were about him; while he received nothing of instruction, but merely breathed into his lungs the wholesome air of a Christian home. That my friends, is the principle of Rotary—to create an atmosphere that makes great ideals contagious.

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 33)

Book," a monthly magazine exclusively for children—of the kind which puts parents in a way of hanging out of the front door when the postman is due so they can get a chance to read it before Betty comes home from school. John Martin is well in mind and body, today, because, "Work that is right in itself and right for you has a physical effect that works magic upon our spirits and bodies. My own job in my work for children has not only kept me going, but it actually cured me of physical ills which doctors said were incurable."

When I got accustomed to John Martin's being a man and all the rest of it, I told him what had just happened to me in the department store. "Something's wrong, John Martin," I said sadly, "Something's badly wrong. What is it?"

John Martin shook his head with me and, if he had been the clucking kind, would have clucked his tongue, but, instead he answered slowly: "At the rate we are going all our children will have jazz minds. Why, the noises of the modern city alone are enough to wreck them, but they have to put up with jazz, movies, and the radio besides. The great trouble today is the abysmal ignorance of parents. The difficulty with the child, in other words, is its parents. Parents will have to be educated."

It turns out that children are the

same underneath as they ever were. They are just given the wrong start—such a start, in fact, that boys of eight have adolescent minds and girls—who have a way of clinging to their ideals longer—are 17 years old in wisdom when they are but 14 in years. And as for all this about non-repression and non-interference—well, John Martin says that it's going to be the proverbial straw and will crush everything that is finest in the child. Not that the theory isn't all right but, what with the examples parents set, the child has little to profit by.

"It might be possible," he says, "if parents were entirely different. But the child sees his parents being non-repressed and non-interfered with. In other words he sees his parents careless, indifferent, disorderly, selfish, often given to unfairness and bad temper. I don't know how anyone is going to expect him to set a different standard for himself.

"No—underneath, the children are as old-fashioned as they ever were. They much prefer Mother Goose nonsense to jazz, their own games to the radio, and make-believe to the movies. Or would if they had half a chance.

"Make-believe," continued John Martin, "permits children to retain the imaginative quality which is inherent in every child but which is broken down by realities. If this imaginative quality is not broken down too early in life

it is retained by the child long after he grows up and stands him in good stead in later years. Children want to play in their minds and imaginations. Parents, unfortunately, don't always understand that this world of make-believe is very real to them—and very beautiful. It is the one world where children are the most receptive and most responsive. The closed doors between children and grown-ups open under the magic play in their own world of make-believe."

"But," I wanted to know, "how are you sure that children prefer make-believe?"

"I remember my childhood," he said. "I knew nine wonderful years—the first nine, when I lived on a plantation in Maryland. During those nine years, until my mother died, I was as happy a boy as ever lived. She was my playmate, teacher, and mother all in one. We lived in a world of our own where fact and fancy went hand in hand. For instance, there was a colony of martins as real as a human family. There were John and Joan, Robin, Alice and a dozen or so more. John was the leader. Their house was John Martin's house. When these birds flew to their house after an adventurous trip away they had stories and messages for me. My mother was the interpreter. Sometimes the John Martin birds brought back stories of land and seas, mountains and rivers. That was the way my mother taught me geography.

Sometimes they were stories of animals and birds and fishes; and so I learned natural history. Or tales of heroes and people who had lived long ago; and that was how I learned human history. And—best of all, these Martins were intimate with fairies and not at all against letting me into their secrets.

"The thing children want most," he went on after a minute, "is understanding. They want someone to take their world seriously. They want someone who will play with them in their minds and their imaginations; just as my own mother played with me."

"But," I asked, "How does one go about playing with children and making-believe and all? It has always seemed rather difficult to me—trying to be something I am not. That is, since I have grown up. How do you handle them?"

And John Martin answered. "Most people have refrained from using their imagination so long that they have stifled the ability to summon fantastic shapes and images. A child's beautiful world of make-believe is a place they either don't try to enter or cannot, if they wished. Many children knowing that the average grown-up doesn't understand lives a whole secret existence in this world of make-believe. They are unguided there and alone. Yet it is the one realm where they would be most receptive and most responsive.

"I don't sentimentalize over children, or make a fuss over them. I simply make them feel that I understand them. And I don't do any mollicoddling. If a child makes himself a nuisance or doesn't play fair, I banish him. 'Go away! You're spoiling fun!' I don't plead with him to be good. When he comes back I don't gush over him. He's

come back because he has a right to now. I think of things that will interest the children. Every summer at Nantucket, I give away five hundred tickets for ice-cream cones. It isn't good sporting to ask for these tickets. But I don't rub in good manners or morals. I teach them to practice service. That sticks.

"What I like best to do is to visit children's hospitals. But I don't sympathize or talk much with the little patients. I always have a big pad of paper and a pencil and sitting down by a bed put the pencil in the chap's hand and have him hold the point against the paper while I jiggle his elbow so that it makes big, irregular marks. Then I take the pad and adding some bold lines, here and there, turn it into some animal, bird or human. I always make it funny. I have made as many as ninety of those pictures during a single visit. We call them 'quizz-wizzes' and sometimes I make up stories or rhymes about them. It's a wonderful experience for me and it gives the child something to feed his hungry imagination on."

And that made me decide that John Martin is a boy who won't grow up. Which led me further—that none of us ever grows up after all. For, if it weren't for all the foolishness of continually having to be dignified, there isn't a one of us who wouldn't go down the street occasionally saying snoogishly—romantically, according to John Martin's glossary, with sentimental tenderness:

He snunk through the weary willow glades;

*He snank o'er the lunksome lea:
He googled and gorpel extortishly,
For a sniverish Goo was he.*

He Harnessed the Earth!

(Continued from page 22)

which could be set upon a little stand, or balanced on a thread. When the wheel was set spinning, it behaved in a very odd way, leaning far over to one side without falling, and like a top, bowing and nodding in response to various pokes and punches. Other familiar examples of a gyroscope are a top, the axis of which is free to move within limits, a child's hoop, the imaginary axis of which is also more or less free to move, a bicycle wheel, etc.

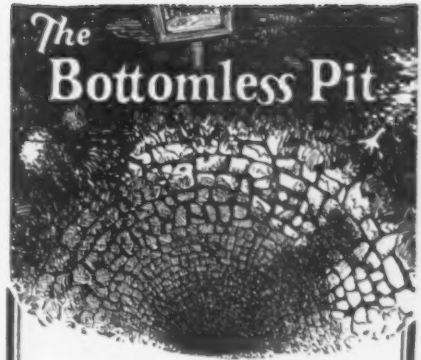
Any spinning wheel tends to remain spinning in its own plane. If the axis of the wheel is free to move, it will remain in its own plane, no matter how the support under it is moved. This is the first of its peculiarities. The second, is still more curious.

Imagine a child's hoop, upright, not

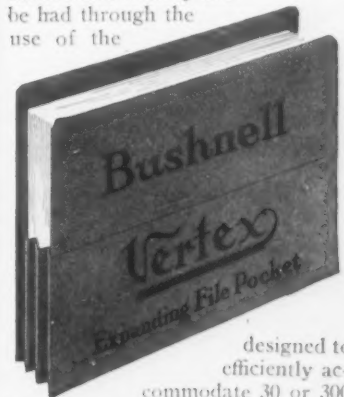
in motion. If hit from the top and from the right, it falls to the left, and vice versa; the axis moves "end over end." But if it be similarly hit while rolling, it does not fall, but turns to the right or left. The force which apparently should knock it "end over end," instead changes its direction.

When a disturbing force is applied to a spinning gyroscope wheel, it moves its axis, not in the direction of the applied force, but in a direction ninety degrees from that force, as when the child's hoop in motion is struck.

There is a mathematical reason for this. What it is, doesn't matter particularly. What does matter is that the axis of any spinning gyroscope is acted upon by the force of the earth revolving around its axis. If a pendulum be



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hung to a gyroscope, spinning in the same direction as that of the earth, the combination of the pull of gravity and the earth's rotation is such that the gyroscope swings slowly until its freely moving axle is *exactly parallel to that of the earth*. . . in which case, one end of the axis points to the true north and one end to the true south.

This being true it would seem a very simple matter to attach a compass card to a spinning gyroscope, call it a compass, and steer a ship by it.

BUT there is a long, long road between the steam moving the lid of a tea kettle and the engines which move a battleship; there is many a mountain of difficulty between the lightning flash at the end of a kite string and the electric light; a great spread of effort between the kite in the air and an airplane. And there was the same long road and mountain and effort between the discovery of the principle of the gyroscope compass and its utilization as a compass.

When it was finally demonstrated to the satisfaction of naval officers that a compass run by a couple of electric motors would point invariably to the true north; that no gun fire, movement of turret, proximity of steel, rolling of ship or other disturbance had any effect upon it whatever; that it was much more responsive to sudden changes in course than the best of magnetic compasses, and that it had no "swinging" from side to side before it settled down and pointed north, the U. S. government began to install it on all its ships. Incidentally, the navies of Japan, Italy, Argentine, Russia, Norway, Chili, Great Britain, France, Spain, Brazil, Sweden, Denmark, and Peru followed. As for steamship lines . . . all the great ones, and most of the others, couldn't get along without it.

The magnetic compass needle and card are very light; a delicate pivot, or a flotation on a liquid, will serve to support it. The gyroscope compass, made of steel and brass and bronze and two electric motors and a heavy fly wheel, cannot be light. Yet it must be perfectly responsive. It cannot be supported on a pivot, because the weight would cause wear, possible breakage. So it is suspended by a fine steel wire. This wire cannot be permitted to twist . . . consequently, when the ship moves under the compass, the support for the slender steel wires must move the other way, and do it in a hurry. This is accomplished by the "azimuth motor" which starts or stops in response to contacts made or broken by the movement of the ship beneath the compass. There has yet to be made the destroyer which can turn in a circle at its dizziest speed, faster than the compass can respond. The other motor

in the Master Compass is the one which spins the heavy fly wheel which is the gyroscope.

The instrument as here described seems simple. In actual practice it is a somewhat complicated device, consisting of five major groups of parts all built not only accurate to the ten thousandth part of an inch, but rugged and strong. Fire control and navigation must have as near absolute perfection in direction finding as human ingenuity can make. The Navy must have rugged durability in any part of its fighting machinery; any ship at sea must have a dependable compass. That one of the most delicate and dainty of scientific instruments, can be made so durable while yet so instantly responsive to the movements of a ship at sea, is a veritable triumph of engineering skill.

Rotarian Sperry's inventions include "Metal Mike" as it is familiarly known to navigators . . . a gyroscopic compass which can be directly connected to the steering-gear to hold a ship on her course, not only without attention from a helmsman, but with less "yaw" and "rudder angle"—both of which slow up speed and take power—than the minimum of the most skilful helmsman. The helmsman must see the change of course of a "yaw" before he "gives her helm" to correct it. "Metal Mike" knows the "yaw" before it exists as more than a wave impulse, for "Metal Mike's" perception is electrical and, like the compass, a use of the earth's motion by man.

Mr. Sperry has also devised a huge gyroscopic mechanism to take the roll out of ships—not a theory, but an operating fact in many vessels—search lights, coal mining machinery, electric automobiles, storage batteries, detinning processes. The father of the gyroscopic compass has built not only an enormous business of his own, but has provided other men with the materials out of which they too have built great commercial successes.

Mr. Sperry was born in Cortland, N. Y., in 1860. He was educated in the State Normal School of his native town and during one year (1879-1880) attended Cornell University. Like most pioneers, however, his training came largely through his own efforts. When not yet twenty he perfected one of the first electric arc lights in America, and secured its practical adoption. In the following year he founded the Sperry Electric Company, of Chicago, and manufactured arc lights, dynamos, motors and other electrical appliances, the first corporation of a series launched to produce and market his inventions. In 1883, he erected the highest electrical beacon in the world on Lake Michigan, about 350 feet, and

equipped it with 40,000 candle-power of arc lights.

In 1888, he won the distinction of being the first to produce electrical mining machinery. Shortly after, Mr. Sperry designed electrical street railway cars, founding the Sperry Electric Railway Company, of Cleveland, to manufacture them, and continued with success until 1894, when the patents were purchased by the General Electric Company.

When the American gasoline automobile pioneers were still conducting experiments, Mr. Sperry designed a successful electric carriage, which he manufactured for several years. He drove the first American built automobile in Paris in 1896.

An important commercial process for producing caustic soda and bleach, now used by the Hooker Electrochemical Company, of Niagara Falls, New York, is due to his activity. The National Battery Company was organized and operates under Sperry patents. On his machinery for producing fuse wires was founded the Chicago Fuse Wire Company. He designed several varieties of machinery for the General Electric Company, the Goodman Manufacturing Company and others.

SOON after Wright and Curtiss built their first airplanes, Mr. Sperry became interested in aerodynamics. He was awarded first prize by the Aero Club of France in 1914 for his airplane stabilizer, or automatic pilot, the stabilizer which is the basis of the aerial torpedo. With its aid, aerial torpedoes are now in use that will function reliably for distances of over 100 miles. Mr. Sperry brought out the drift indicator and many other aerial flight instruments, for which he was awarded the Collier trophy in 1918. The gyro-turn indicator makes it possible to fly in fogs and other adverse weather.

Mr. Sperry's experience in producing high-speed machinery has been employed by Dr. Michelson,—the first American Nobel prize winner in physics. Two wheels have been built for this great scientist that have run in either direction at a speed of 46,000 revolutions per minute. They are now in service at Mt. Wilson, employed in attempts to determine with an extreme degree of precision the velocity of light,—the exact length of the astronomer's light year. Dr. Michelson works at Mt. Wilson on a base at one end of a straight line some twenty-two miles from mountain peak to mountain peak. The light source is the Sperry high-intensity searchlight. With this equipment the uncertainty as to the velocity of light and all that this involves has been reduced by something like 10,000 per cent.

Numerous inventions have been made

by Mr. Sperry for the United States, such as gun-fire control apparatus, aircraft bomb-sighting devices, stabilized cameras and electrically sustained gyroscopes for torpedoes. He is an active member of the Naval Consulting Board and chairman of two of its important committees. The value of his contributions to American and foreign governments during the late war is inestimable.

His greatest triumphs, however, are the gyroscopic compass, now in use in all fleets of any size, both naval and commercial, his gyroscopic stabilizer, which takes the roll out of the ocean, and "Metal Mike" and automatic steering. Such additional triumphs as his enormous-powered searchlight, his compound Deisel engine, and his electrical patents, wonderful though they are, seem hardly more than a background for these incredible accomplishments.

Mr. Sperry is a charter member and founder of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and many other scientific societies. He is also an honorary member of two Japanese engineering societies; the Society of Mechanical Engineers and the Society of Naval Architects. He has been honored with the degrees of Doctor of Engineering by Stevens Institute of Technology, and Doctor of Science by Northwestern University.

His many awards include Honorable mention, World Columbian Exposition, 1894, for mining machines; first prize, Aero Club of France, 1914; Franklin Medal, Philadelphia, 1914; grand prize for gyro-compass and gyroscopes, San Francisco Exposition, 1915; American Museum of Safety Medal. He was decorated by Czar Nicholas III, of Russia, for navigational equipment. In 1922, he received the Order of the Rising Sun from the Emperor of Japan.

Personally, Mr. Sperry neither looks nor acts his years. He is quick . . . quick of action and of speech, of decision and of thought. He is an intensely human person—nothing either of the long-haired dreamy scientist or the cold-blooded business man about him, though great scientist he is, and very successful business man he has proved himself to be. He is too busy to waste time trying to do easy things . . . never too busy for a good friend or a kind act. He grudges time only that it must be taken from matters of importance to matters of incident. And if one may judge by either his human contacts among the hundreds and hundreds of employees in his great factory in Brooklyn, or his accomplishments in general and his harnessing the earth in particular, Mr. Sperry is one who long ago took to heart and made his own the simple, direct philosophy of Rotary. . . . "He profits most who serves best."



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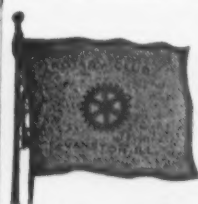
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These Two Men Went to Stratford-Town

(Continued from page 9)

"Say that kinder slow. I want to write that down for Kate," requested Mr. Daniel, as he scribbled the words on the back of an envelope. When he had finished the laborious task he read the words slowly aloud.

"Sounds like he wrote it for himself," was his shrewd comment.

"Such is the commonly accepted theory," the other agreed. "But do you think the internal evidence supports it?"

"Search me," invited the president of the "Peptomist Club."

AFTER quitting the Shakespeare tomb a short walk brought them to the end of a street leading into a large square flanked on all sides by curiosities, tourist's tea-rooms, and inviting-looking drinking taverns. In the center of the square towered a majestic bronze monument.

"This will be of interest to you," the Shakespeare shark was saying. "This monument was presented by your countrymen to the Town of Stratford. Note the inscription to Shakespeare by the American author, Washington Irving: 'All honor to the bard who has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent delusion.' Are you fond of Washington Irving?"

Mr. Daniel had been more interested in convincing his customers of the importance of wearing shoes that relieve strained arches and strengthen weakened ankles, and in keeping "pep" in "The Peptomists" than in following Ichabod Crane through the Catskills or strolling through Alhambra's stately halls. He had no intention, however, of displaying an ignorance of anything American to this "bookish guy," so he deftly switched the subject to more familiar territory.

"There's a fellow in my home town who writes negro stories. Believe me, they are screams. I read every one of 'em. They say he makes a pile of money out of his writing, too."

The bookish guy consulted his wrist-watch.

"We shall have time for a visit to Anne Hathaway's cottage," he said.

Mr. Daniel thought he saw the upper lid of the other's left eye drop to a meaningful wink. Suspicion was born within him. He was a "one-hundred per cent American," had shouted to his Sunday-school class that his "granddaddy wasn't any dinged monkey," preached and practiced marital fidelity, be it said to his credit, and had no

intention of being led into a philandering escapade.

"I ain't that sort," he refused.

The "Tempter's" close-cropped moustache demanded the immediate attention of his gloved left hand in order to hide the smile which he was not quite able to control. He succeeded though in suppressing any further expression of amusement, as he said in a matter-of-fact way:

"Anne Hathaway was Shakespeare's wife, you know."

Mr. Daniel's face cleared, then clouded. His suspicions were allayed, his chagrin was apparent. But like a true "Peptomist" he refused to have been in error.

"Sure," he agreed thoughtfully, "I had forgot."

A ten minutes' walk along a foot-path which crossed a wide hedge-fenced field, brought them to the little, clustered village of Shottery. At the edge of the village stood a white-washed, thatched-roofed cottage, with the sign above the low door, "The Wild Thyme Tea House." The cottage looked as if it might have grown up out of the ground, like the wild thyme in its garden.

"It is five o'clock. Shall we go in for tea?" They had paused before the door as the Shakespeare shark made the suggestion.

"I'll do anything once," Mr. Daniel consented with hearty inconsistency, now that he was assured of the moral reliability of the accommodating stranger. The other stepped forward and lifted the brass knocker, a five-inch figure of Shakespeare clasping poor Yorick's skull in his pendant left hand. Poor Yorick's skull rattled against the walnut door, which was opened by a diminutive, white-haired lady.

"Come in," she invited them with a smile of welcome.

THEY sat in a snug corner of the quaint little room, ate thin slices of buttered bread and drank tea, while the dainty white-haired lady waited on them, and talked of the Wild Thyme Tea House. Yes, she told them, it was an old house, probably two-hundred years old. That long, low window was originally three windows, and had been converted into one window to save window taxes during the reign of some king, she didn't remember which.

"You folks are strong on old things over here," Mr. Daniel commented in

the bit of masticating half a slice of bread.

"Most English buildings are old," his companion informed him. Through the open window could be seen an unpretentious church-building constructed of corrugated iron, painted a dull red. Among the thatched cottages it looked as much out of place as a typewriter on a pulpit.

"That church ain't very old," chuckled Mr. Daniel.

"Chapel," corrected the mistress of the Wild Thyme Tea House.

"What's the difference?"

"The church is at the bottom of the street," was the naive explanation of the difference between conformity and non-conformity.

The sun had gone down, but the storied landscape stood out against the softened radiance of the long, clear English twilight as the men joined a group of tired-looking, "personally conducted" American tourists in Anne Hathaway's Cottage. An erudite young woman was explaining with the precision and dispatch of a memorized speech the origin of the metaphor "burning your candle at both ends."

In one hand she held an instrument resembling a rusty kitchen fork except that its two prongs terminated in rings. Through the rings she drew a slender reed making the ends point upward like a capital U.

"In Shakespeare's time," she was saying in a high assured voice, "a rush-lamp like this, usually designated 'a candle' was in use. You see that if both ends of the rush were burning simultaneously, it would be more rapidly consumed than if one end were burning. In other words, it would be literally burning the candle at both ends."

"The personally conducted" party accepted the explanation in weary silence. Mr. Daniel, however, was not weary, nor did he believe in the excellent maxim that silence is golden. He had listened to the illuminating discourse with suppressed enthusiasm.

"Well, I'll be darned," he ejaculated when the lecture was finished. "I've heard that saying all my life, and never could make heads or tails of it. It's plain as day." On the frayed, pencil-scribbled envelope he made additional notes for delivery to the literary Kate.

When Mr. Daniel came down to breakfast the next morning he found his companion of the day before in the breakfast room of the Shakespeare Hotel, already engaged with his marmalade and rolls. In answer to the

nodded invitation he took the other chair at the table. The "Peptomist" was in his usually loquacious frame of mind.

"Funny the way they name the rooms in this hotel instead of putting numbers on them," he began. "The porter told me all the rooms were named for books Shakespeare wrote. He must have wrote a pile of books. 'Gosh!' A sudden spurt of fancy was responsible for the gleeful exclamation. "If the Atlas Hotel at home did that, Shakespeare would be writing books till now. The name of my room was 'The Tempest.' What was yours?"

THE other frowned slightly as at the memory of an unpleasant nocturnal experience.

"Mine was 'The Merchant of Venice'. I shared it with a notorious Jew."

The voice of One Hundred Per Cent American rose in indignant protest. "I wouldn't have stood for it!"

The hall-porter, a tall man in kingly apparel, entered the room to announce that the Hotel bus was ready to leave for the railway station. Mr. Daniel got up hurriedly, wiped his mouth vigorously, and tossed the crumpled napkin on the table.

"I'm pulling out for Birmingham, England, this morning," he said. "I want to give her the once over to see how she stacks up with little old Birmingham, Alabama. I'm not saying anything against *your* Birmingham, but she'll have to go some to be in the class with the Magic City of the U. S. A."

The erstwhile room-mate of Shylock had risen and was listening without resentment to the hypothetical comparison of the two Birminghams.

"Say," Mr. Daniel extended his hand in farewell, "you've been mighty white to me. If you ever visit the little old U. S. A., hope you'll hit my town. I'll show you the ropes." Anglo-American relationship had risen to the point of an entente cordiale.

"Here's my card. You'll find me at The King Quality Shoe Store. Anybody will show you. I'm the proprietor."

"You are very gracious, and here is my card. Perhaps we shall meet again."

Mr. Daniel glanced hastily at the proffered card, thrust it in his vest pocket, drew it out again, scrutinized it a moment, and stared at the other in open-mouthed amazement.

"Well, I'll be gol-darned!" he gasped; as he again returned to the scrutiny of the engraved words:

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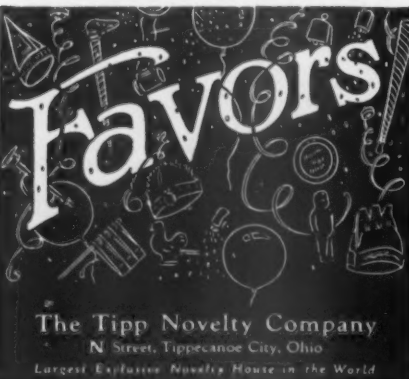
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Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

IF, during the next two months, you are approached by your local club correspondent to this magazine who wants to know what you like particularly in THE ROTARIAN, you will be one of the many members who are contributing information for our feature-popularity contest. The questionnaire used for this contest goes to the 1600 or so clubs which have club correspondents and we hope to have replies from each



Fred Hamilton Rindge
Author of "Prayer-Stick and Tom-Tom."

club. The December, January, and February issues are being made the basis of this enquiry which should help us to give our readers more of those things they like best. Naturally we do not expect each article to have an equal appeal to all members. We do attempt to present those features of timely interest and importance that Rotarians as a whole would naturally expect to find in their magazine.

Who's Who In This Number

William P. Rose, who contributes "Rotary for Rubens" publishes a newspaper at Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania.

Glenn Frank is president of the University of Wisconsin, formerly editor of *The Century Magazine*.

Edson Rich whose interview with John Martin is chronicled on the "Unusual Stories of Unusual Men" page this month, is an interviewer of famous people. He lives in New York City.

John W. Frazer, D. D., Litt. D., is pastor of the St. Francis Street Methodist church of Mobile, Alabama, and a member of the Kiwanis club. His short sketch of an American abroad who meets a "Shakespeare shark" contains good thought for all who travel.

Thomas W. Parry, Jr., is director of a news service at St. Louis, Missouri. In this capacity he had a good opportunity to study the merit badge exposition from an unprejudiced viewpoint.

Leonard T. Skeggs, of Youngstown, Ohio, contributes another article on classifications. He is a former district governor.

Cornelius D. Garretson, of Wilmington, Delaware, is also a past district governor who is now chairman of an important Rotary committee. He has furnished several articles on business methods which have appeared in recent issues.

Norman J. Radder is on the journalism faculty of Indiana University, and does similar work in the summer school of Northwestern University. He describes the cooperation between farmers and editors of rural newspapers.

Fred Hamilton Rindge lives in Montclair, New Jersey, and occasionally goes on such expeditions as that which provided material for his article on the Indians of the Southwest. His account of these first apartment dwellers shows that civilization is no monopoly.

Alden H. Little is the executive secretary of the Investment Bankers' Association of America. He tells of the growth of employee-ownership, a significant factor in modern industry.

Carl H. Claudy is a former Rotarian of Washington, D. C., who has gleaned some details of the surprising career of Elmer A. Sperry, an inventor whose ingenuity made the earth's motion overcome the "roll" of ships and airplanes.

Miles H. Krumbine is pastor of the Parkside Lutheran church of Buffalo, N. Y., and a frequent contributor to this magazine.



William P. Rose
Author of "Rotary for Rubens."

Roy W. Whipple is a director of the Rotary Club of Binghamton, N. Y., whose classification is "wholesale automotive equipment."

"Arthur Melville," a staff writer, gives his impressions of the International Boys Work Conference held in Chicago recently. Although a veteran bachelor himself, he "once had charge of 64 lively newsboys," which, he says, should give him at least some experience in observing a boys work conference.

Pasteur, Lister and Koch

.

Smith, Brown and Jones

WHENEVER the talk turns to medicine and its victories, and to man's conquest of the things that *were* incurable—then you hear certain names threading through the conversation like the ever-recurring theme in a symphony—"Pasteur . . ." and "Lister . . ." and "Koch . . ."

Heroic figures, these. Yet there are other figures—everyday figures—the Smiths and the Browns and the Joneses of your city and my city—that have been great forces in bringing the things of Pasteur and Lister and Koch to your door and mine.

Pasteur freed mankind from the hopelessness of rabies. But Smith perhaps freed your community from it by financing a hospital where Pasteur's discoveries are applied. Lister discovered the antiseptic principle. But Brown, working on some hospital board, helped bring Lister's principles to bear on your case or mine.

Without the Smiths and the Browns and the Joneses, the things that Pasteur and Lister and Koch gave to the world would be, to us, but vague, far-off things. Great things, certainly—but not things for us.

We have known many of these Smiths and Browns and Joneses. We have worked with them in hospital campaigns in many cities. And so, when we hear that refrain "Pasteur . . ." and "Lister . . ." and "Koch . . ." it always makes us want to add "and Smith, and Brown and Jones."

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Interlaken	Shakespeare
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The Lauterbrunnen Valley Visited from Interlaken

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Milan	Paris
Venice	London
Motor Through	Shakespeare
Country	

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